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JULY 25, 1935

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXVI NO. 4



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25th ANNIVERSARY YEAR!

TIME, JULY 25, 1955

LETTERS

The President

Sir:

It was . . . with quiet applause that I laid aside TIME after finishing the July 4 article on the President. Here at last was something I had waited for: an excellent, concise report of the successes and failures of Eisenhower . . . There were not many failures . . .

ELAN TUITE

Rockford, Ill.

Sir:

Why, for a sophisticated magazine like TIME, was it necessary to put any caption at all, let alone the cornball one "The President of the U.S." under Mr. Eisenhower's picture on the cover? I think his face is known to everyone on earth . . .

JULES M. LIEBERTHAL

The Bronx, N.Y.

Davy & the Bell

Sir:

A very good picture of Mr. Eisenhower on your July 4 cover, but haven't you heard that our Davy Crockett had fixed up the Liberty Bell?

JAMES P. KING

Radford, Va.

Sir:

My friends . . . say Davy Crockett is a big fake because the Liberty Bell is still cracked. Maybe Davy didn't patch up the crack like the song says. I wish you would tell me if Davy was a real man or was he just a nobody? I think he was a good American pioneer hero the way I would like to be, but if he didn't do what he says he did, maybe I don't want to be like him.

CHRISTOPHER WENTWORTH

(Age 8)

Mexico City

TIME reassures Reader Wentworth that Davy Crockett was as real as Walt Disney is, regrets, however, that

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-sped editions: to Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr., \$4.00; 2 yrs., \$7.50; 3 yrs., \$11.00. Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe, Guam and Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00.

Subscription Service: J. Edward King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

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Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
July 25, 1955

Volume LXVI
Number 4

TIME, JULY 25, 1955



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there is no historical evidence to support the song's claim. That crack appeared a year after Davy last visited Philadelphia—Ed.

East Is East & Chest Is Chest

Sir:
I wish to protest against your picture of the Burmese Prime Minister's backstage visit to Kismet [July 21]. Although it is quite obvious that U Nu knew what he was doing, a family newsmagazine is hardly the proper place for this bust-by-jowl juxtaposition of the traditionally quiet Eastern dress and the pseudo-Eastern undress.

A. W. WILSON

Lompoc, Calif.

Confidentially

Sir:
Bravo on your July 11 article "Success in the Sewer." It certainly is shocking to learn that such a large number of Americans degrade themselves by reading such trash as *Confidential* . . .

Soliciting the support of Walter Winchell, a sensationalist himself, only goes further to prove that any intelligent American reader should not waste his or her time turning the cover.

LESTER C. GUILBERT

Buffalo

You have done a public service by printing the truth about *Confidential* . . . Your title fits it to a T . . .

ROBERT KRAUS

Washington, D.C.

SIR:

AT NO TIME IN MY CAREER HAVE I OR ANYONE IN MY EMPLOY EVER BEEN PICKED UP BY POLICE "FOR TAKING PORNOGRAPHIC PICTURES." YOU HAVE ERRONEOUSLY REPORTED THE NEW JERSEY INCIDENT IN YOUR ARTICLE . . . THE FACTS ARE THAT THIS WAS A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY. IT WAS ACKNOWLEDGED AS SUCH BY THE BERGEN COUNTY (N.J.) PROSECUTOR, WHO APOLOGIZED FOR THE EMBARRASSMENT CAUSED TO ME AND TO MY EMPLOYEES . . .

ROBERT HARRISON
PUBLISHER

"CONFIDENTIAL" MAGAZINE
NEW YORK CITY

¶ New Jersey police, after looking at the developed films, found their suspicions unfounded.—Ed.

Sir:

YOU SAY "CONFIDENTIAL'S" EDITOR, ROBERT HARRISON, IS A BACHELOR. THIS IS ABSOLUTELY AND POSITIVELY UNTRUE. HE HAS BEEN MARRIED TO THE FORMER JUNE FREW FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS. OBVIOUSLY THERE IS A MRS. ROBERT HARRISON.

MRS. ROBERT HARRISON
NEW YORK CITY

¶ Publisher Harrison declares that he is not married to June Frew.—Ed.

Sir:

. . . Perhaps you will realize only too late that the vitriol TIME poured out proved to be *Confidential's* tonic. Thousands of people who otherwise would never have heard of this trash will do their level best to get a copy after reading your article.

JAMES I. MORTON

Berrien Springs, Mich.

Military Fashions

Sir:
It would be a pleasure to have my "knees to the breeze" during hot summer weather as the fortunate Air Force personnel will be able to do in the near future [July 4], but,

alas, I am one of those many Naval officers on Washington assignment who must wear a hot gabardine blouse to work every day, while the Air Force, Army, Marines and other services are in shirt sleeves. Another indication of the relative progressiveness of the services . . .

-B. H. MILLER
Lieutenant, U.S.N.

Arlington, Va.

Sir:

. . . Why doesn't Mr. Twining and the rest of the Air Force's fat-bottomed brass get on the band wagon and dress their boys properly? . . . During my three years in the Air Force (staff sergeant), I . . . wondered whether I was in the Girl Scouts or the military service. Now I have my answer . . .

JOHN W. WAGEMAN

West Chester, Ohio

A Nip for Nehru

Sir:
We Indians are aware of the fact that you don't like us very much these days. Further, you like our Prime Minister even less. As such, you are entitled to point out his bad points, but we think you are going too far when you refer to him as "India's teetotaling Nehru" [June 29]. Some Indians are very proud of the fact that Mr. Nehru is not a teetotaler. Sometimes, he has to put his party's views before his own, and may therefore not drink in public. But reliable sources state that he still likes a drink occasionally.

DINI ROZUMDAR

Calcutta

To Rome & Return

Sir:

Father William Witcutt retreated from Rome partially . . . because, he says, the Roman Catholic Church "does not allow for any advance in philosophy made since the 13th century [July 4]." He's dead wrong there. We (Jesuit seminarians) defend different philosophical theses every year precisely because of advances allowed and encouraged by the church. Please relay Father Witcutt an invitation to spend a couple of hours with us and see for himself—Aristotelian doctrine, qualities, color, and all. We may be stretched over a barrel, but we keep rolling along.

THOMAS A. O'CONNOR, S.J.

St. Louis

Sir:

Anglican Witcutt seems to have a few wrong ideas about the Roman Catholic Church. He says: "The God of Scholasticism was unworshipable. Nor do Roman Catholics worship Him. They cannot. They worship the Sacred Heart, the Virgin, and the Saints."

Scholasticism is a spirit that takes all knowledge, whether known by faith or reason, and places it in orderly, systematic arrangement . . . [It] is a channel leading to the Almighty God. The most famous philosopher of all times, St. Thomas Aquinas, found new knowledge of God through his scholastic studies . . .

SAM WAKEN

Oklahoma City

Sir:

It passes my understanding why you publish stuff of this nature . . . In any case, my opinion is that the Church of England is welcome to him.

ALLAN JOHNSEN

Wyomissing, Pa.

Public, Not Progressive

Sir:

TIME readers in touch with educational matters will quickly recognize the error in your issue of July 4 in using the name of the Public Education Association and its widely known nickname "P.E.A.," in what you evi-



"The Three Musketeers"...and HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

MEDICAL GUIDANCE, *rest and weight control* . . . these might well be called "the three musketeers" fighting high blood pressure. For when they work together . . . as "The Three Musketeers" did . . . they may help protect you against the less serious type of this disorder, or prevent complications if you have it. This form of high blood pressure, so-called "essential hypertension," accounts for more than 90 percent of all cases.

Victims of this disorder are often individuals of great drive. To lessen strain on the heart, a leisurely pace of living is desirable.

Among other things, the doctor may recommend intervals of rest during the day . . . and at least eight hours of rest every night. He will also urge patients to avoid situations which cause great tension, such as needless arguments.

In addition, he may suggest other things to relieve stress and worries that tend to keep blood pressure up. Mild exercise is not only usually permissible, but even encouraged.

In fact, things that help divert the mind from daily troubles and keep the patient from becoming preoccupied with blood pressure levels can mean the difference between living a useful or an unsatisfactory life.

Weight control may be important, too, in relieving high

blood pressure. Since the heart works harder when hypertension is present, weight loss naturally helps to lighten its load.

Of course, the doctor's help is needed. Regular check-ups will enable him to discover complications early if any occur and start treatment that may keep them under control.

In selected cases, great improvement can often be obtained by special diets or surgery. Several new drugs are also used now which may lower pressure and relieve symptoms. No drugs, however, should ever be tried unless prescribed by a physician.

If the doctor's advice is followed and if the patient learns to lead a *life of moderation in all things*, high blood pressure can be successfully controlled in many cases. If neglected it may damage the heart, kidneys and brain.

To detect this condition early, everyone . . . especially those who are middle-aged or older, are overweight, or have a family history of the disease . . . should have periodic medical examinations. When discovered early, hypertension is usually easier to control.

Metropolitan's booklet, *Your Heart*, gives many more facts about high blood pressure. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

Many discoveries which have promise in the fight against hypertension have come from studies made by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. The Fund, supported by over 140 Life insurance companies, devotes its entire resources to research that may lead to better ways of preventing and curing heart and blood vessel diseases.

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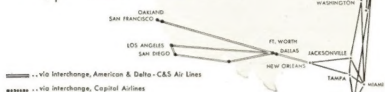
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dently intended as a report on the disbanding of the Progressive Education Association—an entirely different organization. The activity and vitality of the Public Education Association have expanded quite steadily since its organization in 1895, and continue to do so.

WILLIAM B. NICHOLS
President

Public Education Association
New York City

Breakfast Menu

Sir:

If I ever needed any additional knowledge of the intense reader interest in your magazine, I have had it from your description of my taking over *Country Gentleman* [June 20]. I knew there would be real human interest in the story, but when letters came to me from all over the country expressing interest in the laxative used on my morning Quaker Oats, I surely had full confirmation. The letters have come from important people in many states, wanting to know what the laxative was . . . For your information, it is called Regulon . . .

GRAHAM PATTERSON
Publisher

Farm Journal
Washington, D.C.

Monumental Questions

Sir:

Your bias against the Democratic Party was never more evident than in your July 4 article on the proposed Taft monument. You did not mention in previous issues the introduction by Senator Lehman of a bill to erect a monument in memory of F.D.R., F.D.R., with twelve great years in the White House, is more deserving of a monument than Taft with his 14 in the Senate. Moreover, Taft distinguished himself only for the anti-labor Taft-Hartley Act.

FREDERICK WALLACH
The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . The thought of wasting \$1,000,000 on a marble monument is appalling. How much better to contribute this million to cancer research or some other health program that would better serve humanity, as Senator Taft would no doubt have wished . . .

HARRY B. WILKINSON
Lieut. Commander (ret.), U.S.C.G.
Bradenton, Fla.

Truk with Snails

Sir:

Snails may be a delight to Author Jean Cadert [June 13], but they are a plague here. The African snail (*Achatina fulica*) was apparently introduced through the Japanese Mandate by an enterprising businessman who sent them by mail order from Japan as "pets." Having few natural enemies, they soon became established throughout most of the islands. Today they are a major pest and are so numerous that population densities may approach hundreds of thousands per square mile. Roads are sometimes covered with their crushed and rotting bodies . . . The snail is edible, but when cooked and eaten it has a highly offensive odor and taste.

Paradoxically, the Trust Territory is pinning its hopes of combating the African snail on another recently introduced predator snail, which eats the African snail alive. Theoretically, when the predator has consumed all the African snails it will die of a lack of food, and the snails will vanish. As a practical matter, however, less *escargots* will probably be with us indefinitely.

FRANK J. MAHONY
District Anthropologist
Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands
Truk, Caroline Islands

TIME

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TIME, JULY 25, 1955

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

AMONG the most absorbing stories of our time is the one which tells how the U.S. people are changing the face of their country—for work, for play, for better living. The story weaves its way through each week's news in TIME; editors and correspondents are always on the alert for its many manifestations. But there is one man who bears a special responsibility for the story: Contributing Editor Alvin M. Josephy Jr., whose job it is to tell it through color photographs.

Some of the stories Editor Josephy's explorations have turned up:

The Inland Empire of the Northwest (Nov. 1, 1954), a look at the rich land behind the Rockies and the Cascades, its people, cities, towns, dams and irrigation projects.

Tree Farming (Jan. 17), a graphic report on timber conservation that won cheers from forest rangers and lumber tycoons alike.

The Boom That Travelers Built (March 14), a gallery of palatial new hotels.

Form Machinery (July 4), the growth of the mechanized farm.

Recently, our photographers followed Josephy's script and his well-blazed trail through the Southwest and brought back the transparencies for Art Director Michael J. Phillips to lay out for this week's color spread on the **American Desert**.

Before he came to TIME in 1951, Harvard-educated ('36) Al Josephy was

a New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent in Mexico. As a combat reporter with the 3rd Marine Division, he wrote two books about the corps, *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, and *Uncomman Valor*. Out of the service in 1945, he went to Hollywood and wrote movie scripts. Later, he edited three weekly newspapers in California.

Now his beat is often far from journalism's trodden paths. He has traveled some 225,000 miles by plane, train, car, marsh-buggy, horseback and afoot about the U.S. His stories have taken him farther into the backwoods and wilderness than even regional reporters get. His contacts along the way include everyone who can add to his knowledge: city, state and Chamber of Commerce officials, Bureau of Reclamation or Forestry Service agents, rangers, grangers and state legislators—the men who know their areas best. From them he has acquired a knowledge of grassroots U.S. such as few reporters have.

Says Josephy: "In the past four years, the U.S. has gone through the fastest transition possibly in its history—certainly in our lifetime. The growing population is spreading out. The empty spaces are filling up."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



JOSEPHY

JOSEPHY IN WYOMING

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Armed with Aspirations

In the White House rose garden, under the hot Washington sun, stood 69 fresh-faced students from 17 nations. Before them, in the view finders of their cameras, stood the President of the U.S., as fresh-faced as they. "Well, youngsters," said Dwight Eisenhower, "it seems a bit of fortunate coincidence that I should have an opportunity to see you just as I am about to depart for Geneva." He was going to Europe to talk peace, he said, in the hope that he could bring about a more tranquil life for their generation than his generation has had. But, in a word of advice to the youngsters, he expressed the basic philosophy that he was taking across the Atlantic: "Never sacrifice the basic principle that the human being is the important thing on this planet."

All week long the President worked hard at setting that tone for his fateful meeting with the leaders of the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France: he would seek peace, but he would not sacrifice principle. He briefed congressional leaders on how he proposed to employ that philosophy at Geneva, and he promised them "frequent progress reports" through cables to Vice President Richard Nixon. Late into one night he sat with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in the second-floor study of the White House, where Abraham Lincoln used to read the Bible every morning before breakfast, and finished battening down the U.S. position.

"A Mighty Force." Only an hour before he took off for Geneva, the President turned to the people to discuss his philosophy. Referring only occasionally to his notes, and hesitating now and then over his words, he talked frankly on television and radio for 15 minutes about his aims and hopes for Geneva. The President knew that the world, as well as the U.S., was listening.

Throughout, his tone was conciliatory; he did not excoriate Communism or Communists. But he lost no time in bringing up two subjects that the Communists were bitterly opposed to discussing at Geneva: 1) "The problem of the captive states," and 2) "The problem of international interference in the internal affairs of free governments."

Given firmness and understanding, said the President, there was hope for Geneva.

"The people of all the world desire peace . . . [They] do not want to go to the battlefield; they want to live in peace—not a peace that is a mere stilling of the guns but a peace in which they can live happily in tranquility, in confidence that

the hand of friendship to all who will grasp it honestly."

Then the President strode out of the studio to his car, and was driven out past the Potomac to Washington's National Airport with Mrs. Eisenhower and their



THE PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND GREETING THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.[©]
In quest of peace, without sacrifice of principle.

they can raise their children in a world of which they will be proud. This common desire for peace is . . . a terrific force in this world . . . to which I believe all political leaders in the world are beginning to respond. They must recognize it."

Then the President turned to another power: "The free world believes under one of its religions or another in a divine power . . . Suppose on the next Sabbath day observed by each of our religions, Americans—165 million people of us—went to our accustomed places of worship and asked for help, and by so doing demonstrated to all the world the sincerity and depth of our aspirations for peace. This would be a mighty force."

A Different Mission. Having suggested a way in which the people could help, the President summed up: "We shall be conciliatory because our country seeks no conquests, no property of others . . . We shall be firm in the consciousness of your spiritual and material strength and your defense of the right. But we shall extend

son, Major John, who was going to Geneva as his father's aide. From the roadside by the silver river, as the President's car sped by, there came a flurry of applause and cheers.

By the time Dwight Eisenhower stepped off the *Columbine* in Geneva 18 hours later, the people of the U.S. were already beginning to say special prayers for the success of his mission. As Switzerland's President Max Petitpierre welcomed him to the glistering city of the Parley at the Summit (see *FOREIGN NEWS*), he recalled an earlier and different mission to Europe. "Some eleven years ago," he said, "I came to Europe with an army, a navy, an air force, with a single purpose: to destroy Nazism . . . This time I come armed with something far more powerful: the good will of America—the great hopes of America—the aspirations of America for peace."

© Center: Mme. Petitpierre and Mrs. Eisenhower.

THE PRESIDENCY

Invasion Repulsed

No U.S. President has worked harder than Dwight Eisenhower to maintain friendly and constitutionally proper relationships with Congress. But last week, in the sharpest words he has yet addressed toward Capitol Hill, the President showed that his cooperative attitude does not extend to letting the legislative branch take over the functions of the executive.

In Section 638 of this year's \$31.8 billion Defense Department appropriations bill, Congress stipulated that the Secretary of Defense must get permission from the Senate and House Appropriations Committees before he takes the armed forces out of such nonmilitary activities as cake-baking, dry cleaning and coffee-roasting. The section was tacked on to the bill by members of the House and Senate whose districts are graced with such federal activities, e.g., Leverett Saltonstall, the Senate G.O.P. whip, who was protecting the rope-twisting installation at the Charlestown, Mass. navy yard. President Eisenhower had a hard label for the Capitol Hill handiwork: "An unconstitutional invasion of the province of the executive."

"The [U.S.] Constitution divides the functions of the Government into three departments—the legislative, the executive and the judicial," wrote the President in an unusual message to Congress. "and establishes the principle that they shall be kept separate . . . The Congress has the power and right to grant or deny an appropriation. But once an appropriation is made, [it] must, under the Constitution, be administered by the executive branch of the Government alone, and the Congress has no right to confer upon its committees the power to veto executive action or to prevent executive action from becoming effective. Since the organization of our Government, the President has felt bound to insist that executive functions be maintained unimpaired by legislative encroachment, just as the legislative branch has felt bound to resist interference with its power by the executive."

The President said that he signed the appropriations bill for the sole reason that the Defense Department urgently needed the money. Then in a rare but not unprecedented step,⁹ he announced flatly that the executive branch would pay no attention to the section that it considered invalid.

Last week the President also:

¶ Chided the Congress for its \$140 million cut in Atomic Energy Commission funds, which the President said would disrupt work on atomic weapons and impede the development of nuclear propulsion

⁹ In a 1943 appropriations bill, Congress inserted a clause barring pay to three Government employees accused of radicalism. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt denounced the provision, pointed out that there had been no legal proceedings against the three, said he would ignore the congressional edict, was later upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court.



Walter Bennett

MASSACHUSETTS' SALTONSTALL
Rope-twisting unlimited.

and peaceful uses of atomic energy. Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson, Joint Atomic Energy Committee chairman, agreed that "the cuts did go too far," called a meeting of his committee to consider reinstating the AEC funds.

¶ Visited Democratic Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson at the Bethesda (Md.) naval hospital, where Johnson is still confined after his recent heart attack (TIME, July 11).

¶ Nominated Solicitor General Simon E. Sobeloff to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the Maryland (Sobeloff's home state), West Virginia, Virginia, North and South Carolina circuit.

¶ Studied and signed 65 congressional bills, thereby clearing his desk for Geneva.



Associated Press

MISSOURI'S CANNON
Pay-raising limited.

THE CONGRESS

Revenge

One of the best ways to stir up a Congressman is to reject or to cut the appropriations he wants. In this session of Congress no one has refused and cut more than crusty old (76) Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. Last week the House cut back at Missouri's Cannon.

The Open Rule. The ringleader was Michigan's Democratic Representative Louis Rabaut, a man with a special grudge. As the head of an appropriations subcommittee on public works for the Eastern U.S., Rabaut had seen his recommendations junked by Cannon, who automatically rewrote the bill.

But Rabaut had plenty of eager help. Cannon had particularly annoyed many another Congressman by refusing to move quickly in providing pay-raise funds for committee staff members and other House employees. This annoyance turned to fury last week when Cannon went into the catchall supplemental appropriations bill a sentence giving immediate pay raises to some of his own committee staffers—but to no others.

Before the supplemental appropriations bill could go to the House floor, it had to pass through the powerful Rules Committee, which was still waiting for a pay raise for its own employees. Since nearly every appropriations bill goes against some House prohibition, e.g., appropriations bills cannot contain substantive legislation, it has long been the custom for the Rules Committee to set terms under which points of order are waived during floor action. But not this time: the Rules Committee coldly sent Clarence Cannon's bill to the House under a wide-open rule, placing it at the mercy of every point of order that might be raised.

"I Concede." On the House floor Louis Rabaut was waiting. Against nearly every clause of the supplemental appropriations bill Rabaut raised a point of order. But Clarence Cannon, who has a notoriously low boiling point (he has been in fistfights with other Congressmen time and again), remained cool. "I concede the point of order," he said repeatedly. His reason: Cannon figured that he could show up the Rules Committee's petty vengeance by letting it result in the death of badly needed appropriations. With Rabaut objecting and Cannon agreeing, out went money for agricultural conservation. Out went funds for the Farmers Home Administration, for the Small Business Administration, for military construction and public works. Out went an appropriation for new headquarters for the Central Intelligence Agency.

Item after item was killed, until only \$222 million (or about one-eighth) was left in the bill that had originally appropriated \$1,648,876,128. The members of the House sat happily watching the slaughter; general feeling was that it could hardly be happening to a more deserving guy than Cannon or a more deserving commit-

tee than Rules. Besides, the Representatives all knew that the Senate would reverse the cuts.

Despite this indulgence in revenge, the Congress did manage to get some work done last week. Items:

¶ By a 251-to-123 vote, the House appropriated \$2.6 billion for Mutual Security. But angry Congressmen slashed \$420 million from requested funds for military aid. The cut came after the Defense Department and Foreign Operations Administration, finding themselves with \$420 million left over from previous appropriations, rushed to tie up the money before the end of the fiscal year instead of returning it to the Treasury.

¶ Out of the House Public Works Committee came a twelve-year, \$48 billion U.S. highway construction program, which would be the biggest in the nation's history. Under the bill, much of the program would be financed by increasing the taxes against highway users, e.g., the federal gasoline tax would go up to 3¢ from the present 2¢. The Administration (although it still prefers a bond issue) has, through Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, already approved the principle of increasing the user taxes. The Senate is still working on a highway program that would be paid for by outright federal appropriations.

¶ The House shouted through a resolution asking the President to "take all necessary and proper steps to bring about an invitation to Spain to become a party to the North Atlantic Treaty and a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization."

¶ The Senate unanimously adopted a resolution to "proclaim the hope that the peoples who have been subjected to the captivity of alien despotisms shall again enjoy the right of self-determination."

ARMED FORCES

"The Long Haul"

On the eve of the Geneva Conference came a noisy new debate on the size and strength of the U.S. Armed Forces, and their needs for the years of cold peace.

Out of the Pentagon leaked General Matthew Ridgway's farewell message as Army Chief of Staff, a restatement of his familiar thesis that the U.S. should have more foot soldiers, an Army view that President Eisenhower called "in a sense, parochial." Old Paratrooper Ridgway termed U.S. forces "inadequate in strength and improperly proportioned"; the U.S. had placed too much emphasis upon the atom and the Air Force, and this was insufficient answer to the Communist tactic of nibbling with conventional arms at the free world's boundaries. Said Ridgway: "In view of the free world's appreciable manpower superiority over the Communist bloc . . . it is my view that the free world has ample resources to confront the Soviet bloc enemy in whatever form of aggression the Soviets choose."

There was no indication, however, that Ridgway's views were going to detour the present U.S. concentration on air power. The U.S. is developing and diversifying

tactical A-bombs to reduce the need for Ridgway's big land armies, and is disengaging U.S. ground troops wherever possible from the Communist frontiers. Last week, at the annual work-and-play conference of 170 military and civilian defense leaders at Quantico, Va., Defense Secretary Charles Wilson characteristically brushed off Ridgway's message as "not very important," and announced that he was planning to pull out one of the three U.S. divisions in the Far East before next June 30; Wilson further proclaimed that he did not propose to spend an extra \$46 million voted him by Congress to provide 22,000 more marines (215,000 in all) than the President wanted. He added, however, that the armed forces of the U.S. would have to be expanded if Congress did not give him an adequate Reserve force.

All week, the Pentagon stars, including Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, faced the expert questioning of Georgia's Senator Richard Russell on the Senate's Reserve bill. There

members of the first class at the U.S. Air Force Academy were sound asleep after a double-timed day that included drill, a dedication ceremony, physical examinations (one cadet had measles), lectures, assignments, hazing, uniform issue and an allowance (\$3 for the rest of July).

Visiting parents got official memos: "When your son reports . . . his time will be fully occupied throughout the rest of the day and the summer training period." To make sure it was, the Air Force picked 69 young lieutenants to simulate upper-classmen. Also on hand to catch new academy "lingo" and traditions at their roots was an English instructor with a Government Issue tape recorder.

While the cadets were hastily building traditions, politicians in Washington were lustily attacking the anything-but-traditional buildings planned for the new Air Force Academy campus at Colorado Springs. Sensitive to the fact that glass, steel and aluminum were the key materials in Air Force blueprints, Democratic



Carl Tward

MODEL OF NEW AIR ACADEMY
There's lots of limestone in Indiana.

was haggling between the Pentagon, the Senate and the House of Representatives on the technical details. But at week's end it seemed probable that the U.S. would soon get a law providing for a "ready reserve" of about 2,000,000 men. The Eisenhower policy is that manpower and defense expenditures should be geared for years of cold peace. Last week Secretary Wilson happily read out a letter to this effect from the President: "We have incorporated new weapons of unprecedented tactical and strategic importance . . . We now have a sounder organization administratively . . . We have oriented our forces for the long haul."

First Day of School

At 4:45 one morning last week, Valmore W. Bourque, 20, of South Hadley Falls, Mass., lugged a suitcase up to Patrick Hall on Denver's Lowry Air Force Base and reported to a sleepy master sergeant. Said Bourque: "I figure it would be something to tell my kids I was the first air cadet in the U.S." Sixteen hours and 45 minutes later, Bourque and 305 other

Congressman John Fogarty (onetime president of Rhode Island's Bricklayers Union No. 11) roared: "Glass and metal are alien to American monumental design—even to European." Picking up his lead, spokesmen for pressure groups, including the Allied Masonry Council, representing brick, limestone and marble companies and for the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers' International Union of America, charged that the modern academy design was un-American, un-Christian and unaesthetic.

In this spirit, the House of Representatives voted to cut off appropriations for the buildings. Across the Capitol, Indiana's Republican Senator Homer Capehart was waiting in the same mood. After a talk with Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott, Capehart boomed: "He told me nothing was settled—no designs agreed upon. I told him the building should have lots of masonry work. I was fearful it would be made out of steel, aluminum and glass. I come from Indiana, and we have a lot of limestone there. Indiana Limestone Company produces it."

At the Pentagon, Air Force officers an-



SENATOR BENDER

The seventh man refused.

swered that, at 1955 prices, it might cost four times the \$126 million they have asked for their modern academy to build a new West Point or Annapolis with conventional stone and brick.

Open Season for Moose

Among the G.I.s of the U.S.'s Far East Command, the capital city of South Korea is rated as a real *sushii* (cool) town. Fraternization is the order of any evening in Seoul, and the frizzled heads of willing young Korean misses, in military tow, bob around town in jeeps, and bend over ice cream cups at the snack bars. If an officer prefers a "state-side reject"—his term for the Caucasian girls from the civilian relief agencies—he takes her to "Round Eyes Night" at Seoul's baroque Chosen Hotel. But "Moose Night" is more popular. Then the brass show up with their "musume"—a Japanese word whose literal translation, "daughter," has been indescribably enriched by U.S. troops.

Last month a disapproving shadow fell athwart this happy scene. It belonged to Lieut. General John H. Collier, 56, new deputy commander of the Eighth Army. One horrified look around, another at Seoul's roster of prostitutes (4,000 registered professionals), and the general spoke: after July 31, no more moose in Collier's officer clubs. The order was obeyed—at clubs within his command. Collier's Eighth Army officers merely mounted new assault waves on Moose Night at the Chosen, controlled by the tolerant Korea Civil Assistance Command.

Last week, hands trembling in frustration, Collier lifted the ban. Henceforth his officers could squire whom they choose—but he hoped they'd be choosy in Chosen. Said he: "Standards of acceptability in Eighth Army clubs in Korea are the same high ones normally established in officer clubs throughout the world."

INVESTIGATIONS

Not One Iota

Seventeen months after the career of Army Dentist Irving Peress became a public issue, the U.S. Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations last week issued its report on the case. The subcommittee found what had been obvious from the first (TIME, March 8, 1954): the promotion and honorable discharge of Major Peress, after he refused to answer questions about Communist affiliations, was entwined in red tape, not in Red subversion.

"Individual errors in judgment, lack of proper coordination, ineffective administrative procedures, inconsistent application of investigating regulations, and excessive delays," were the subcommittee's words for it. Army Secretary Robert Ten Broeck Stevens (or his Defense Department superiors), said the report, should be "criticized for the delay of almost one year before the facts concerning the Peress case were publicly released." It added that former Army Counselor John Adams showed "disrespect for this subcommittee" when he chose to disregard a request from Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy that Peress' discharge be held up. Then the subcommittee listed 48 instances of snarled red tape: e.g., "the failure of Major Stambaugh, G-2, First Army, upon receipt of Peress' DD Form 398 (in which Peress refused to list organizations to which he had belonged), to initiate action looking to cancellation of active-duty orders."

Six members of the subcommittee, including McCarthy, signed the report. But Ohio Republican George Bender, who holds the Senate seat previously occupied by Robert Taft, refused. The subcommittee, Bender pointed out, had found nothing to substantiate Joe McCarthy's screams that "a secret master" of the Pentagon had controlled the Peress case. The report, said Bender, should have spelled out the obvious fact that "not one iota of evidence was revealed to indicate any subversion, collusion, or Communist conspiracy concerned with the handling by the military of the Peress matter."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Farewell with Fanfare

Never before had a departing member of a President's cabinet been ushered out with such fanfare. In the White House Conference Room, President Eisenhower and Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, 50, the first U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, sat before the television cameras. Mrs. Hobby, dressed in a brown and white silk redingote, blinked back tears as the President recalled their first meeting in London in 1942, when Oveta was commander of the WAAC (later the WAC). Said the President: "Well, Oveta, this is a sad day for the Administration . . . I assure you none of us will forget . . . the warm heart you brought to your job as well as your talents. We are just distressed

to lose you." He reddened as Mrs. Hobby, her voice breaking, replied: "I truly feel that God has had His hand on the United States in the kind of leadership you have given us."

Second to Go. The only woman in the Eisenhower Cabinet and the second woman Cabinet member in U.S. history⁶ had stepped down. She was only the second Cabinet member to quit since Eisenhower took office 30 months ago. The first was the only other Democrat in the Cabinet, Secretary of Labor Martin Durkin, who resigned in September 1953.

Prim, trim Oveta Hobby had done a good job of gathering a straggle of federal agencies interested in health, education and welfare into one new Cabinet department. Just a few days before she resigned, Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey called her "the best man in the Cabinet." But Oveta Hobby will probably be best remembered for her mistakes. Her department showed a lack of foresight in the Salk polio vaccine program, and even after the furor erupted, Mrs. Hobby insisted that "no one could have foreseen the great acclaim" for the vaccine.

Two to Texas. But Oveta Hobby did not quit under fire. Last winter she decided to leave Washington to be with her ailing, 77-year-old husband, William Pettus Hobby, onetime (1917-21) Governor of Texas, and to take executive control of their Houston *Post* from his hands. She delayed resigning until the clamor over the Salk vaccine had diminished.

As Mrs. Hobby's successor, President Eisenhower appointed Under Secretary of the Treasury Marion B. Folsom, a businessman and a Republican, who designed and implemented a private-industry social-security program before Franklin

⁶ The first: Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, 1933-45.



SECRETARY HOBBY
The best man wept.

Walter Bennett

Roosevelt's New Deal, has been an expert on social-security policy and law for nearly 30 years, and who seems ideally fitted for his new job (see box). Promoted to Folsom's post at the Treasury was Horace Chapman Rose, 48, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and former Cleveland corporation lawyer. An old Ohio neighbor and business associate of George Humphrey. "Chappie" Rose will continue to work closely with his boss in the taciturn, no-nonsense manner that has brought him recognition since he was secretary to Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1931-32.

Also bowing out last week, with less ceremony but as much regret, was another Texan, Deputy Secretary of Defense Robert B. Anderson, a scholarly attorney who plans to return to private business (TIME, July 4). Picked to succeed him as first assistant to Defense Secretary Charles Wilson was Reuben Buck Robertson Jr., 47, of Cincinnati, president of the Champion Paper & Fibre Co. (1954 sales: \$135 million), A 6-ft. 215-pounder, he captained Yale's soccer team in 1930, served in World War II as an army lieutenant colonel, has four sons and two daughters. A shirt-sleeved, tough-spoken executive, Robertson first caught Wilson's eye when he dealt with both G.M. and the C.I.O. as a Wage Stabilization Board member during the Korean war, further impressed Wilson recently with the way he studied the Defense Department as vice chairman of a Hoover Commission task force.

Cancellation & Continuation

While the ruckus about the Dixon-Yates power contract roared on in Capitol Hill committee rooms last week, the President of the U.S. and the mayor of Memphis met at the White House for a sensible discussion of the question. Democratic Mayor Frank Tobey told President Eisenhower that Memphis is wholly sincere in its plan to build a steam plant that will replace the power drawn from the Tennessee Valley Authority by the Atomic Energy Commission. By building its own plant, Memphis will be assured of power without Dixon-Yates. Since this fitted the Eisenhower policy of local rather than federal solutions to such problems, the President announced that the Dixon-Yates contract will be canceled.

With that, bulldozers at the Dixon-Yates site at West Memphis, Ark. stopped running, but the political arguments on Capitol Hill rolled on. They are sure to continue at least until the 1956 election, focusing partly on the charges against Dixon-Yates made by congressional Democrats, partly on how much, if anything, the U.S. should pay the Dixon-Yates combine in closing out the contract.

The Senate committees investigating Dixon-Yates had found unusual circumstances. They had learned that Investment Banker Adolphe H. Wenzell played an ambiguous role as a consultant to the Budget Bureau in the early stages of Dixon-Yates, at a time when he was also a vice president of the First Boston Corp.,

NEW MAN IN THE CABINET

Named last week by President Eisenhower to be the second U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare; MARION BAYARD FOLSOM, 61, welfare-minded businessman.



MARION BAYARD FOLSOM

Family and Early Years: Born in McRae, Ga. (pop. 1,000), where his father ran the general store. As a boy he clerked in the store, took charge of the accounts when he was only 14. Graduated from the University of Georgia with honors in 1912 at 18, won a scholarship to Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration, graduated there with distinction in 1914, earned enough money tutoring to travel in Europe. Served overseas as a captain in the Yankee Division in World War I, came home to marry Mary Davenport of Americus, Ga. in 1918. They have a son, Marion B. Jr., 29, a graduate student, and a daughter, Frances, 25, a teacher.

Business Career: Joined Eastman Kodak Co. in 1914, became a special assistant to President George Eastman in 1921, rose to treasurer in 1935, director in 1947. As Eastman's assistant, he began working on private-enterprise social security before 1929, started a "guaranteed annual wage" plan 25 years before Ford and General Motors did. He worked out a retirement plan for Kodak in 1928, an unemployment benefit plan in 1930, which included 13 other Rochester companies, became famous as the Rochester Unemployment Benefit Plan. It called for payment of 60% of salary to unemployed workers for thirteen weeks. In 1942 he helped organize the Committee for Economic Development, an influential organization of businessmen and educators devoted to maintaining a healthy economy.

Government Career: At the call of President Roosevelt, he helped draft the Social Security Act in 1934, has served the U.S. ever since as an economic and welfare adviser. He knows more about the U.S. social-security system than

anyone else. Named Under Secretary of the Treasury in 1953, he was the key man in the first total revision of U.S. tax laws in 79 years (TIME, Aug. 16).

Personality: Greying, slight (5 ft. 8 in., 150 lbs.), he is shy, quiet, retiring. A nonsmoker and nondrinker, he likes to raise vegetables, walk Civil War battlefields, and take pictures with a prewar Kodak Bantam special ("Best camera Eastman ever made"). His soft Georgia voice takes on a rare commanding ring when he mentions the liberal social policies he has been writing about, arguing for, and putting to work for more than a quarter of a century. He constantly seeks a practical, private-enterprise solution to social problems, e.g., when he found in 1953 that federal employees had no group life-insurance plan, he talked 160 insurance companies into writing policies for 2,000,000 federal employees without charging commissions. Said one associate: "He is the kind of fellow who may never get to know the elevator operator personally, but he'll have the elevator man's interest at heart every minute."

Plans: To organize his department "the way George Humphrey has organized the Treasury, delegating a lot of responsibility to assistants, leaving the Secretary free for policy matters." He thinks U.S. social-security laws are "in pretty good shape now," but would like to see more professional people covered, feels that his biggest job will be in health and education rather than welfare. Convinced that private insurance companies should and could extend voluntary health insurance without Government help, he suggests a partial insurance plan similar to \$50 deductible auto collision insurance to cover "catastrophic" long-term illness.

which emerged as a Dixon-Yates financing agent. But First Boston had acted without fee, and there was no showing that Wenzell profited by his activities. Last week the probe made another discovery: White House Chief of Staff Sherman Adams had personally obtained a brief delay in the Securities and Exchange Commission's Dixon-Yates hearing in June, when the House was about to vote on Dixon-Yates transmission lines. The Administration explanation was that Adams, no lawyer, had wanted advice from Attorney General Brownell and White House Special Counsel Gerald Morgan about legal problems relating to the SEC hearings.



Morris, AP Newsfeatures
"ANOTHER 'HOT' ONE."

Since Brownell and Morgan were away from Washington at the time, Adams requested that the hearings be put off until he could confer with them.

Such matters were grist for the congressional mill, but they hardly stacked up as a solid campaign issue for 1956. Summed up the *New York Times's* pundit Arthur Krock: "But none of these mistakes adds up to scandal, or even superficially documents such wild charges as Kefauver's that the President had to cancel the Dixon-Yates contract 'because it was becoming more scandalous, more smelly, all the time . . .'. When Memphis, in June 1955, announced it had arranged to build its own power plant at the expense of local taxpayers, the President won his basic points he made in 1952 and 1953."

POLITICAL NOTES

The Manicured Fistful

As a practitioner of the art of making headlines, Tennessee's Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver has few equals in the political world. Before the Democratic Convention of 1952, he turned a television reputation as a crusader against crime into a good run for the presidential nom-

ination. This year he is hard at work again, and not doing badly, with the same old formula.

Since last winter, Estes has put his well-manicured Tennessee hand into a whole fistful of investigations. As the head of a subcommittee charged with investigating juvenile delinquency, he has traveled to New York to study the injurious effect of pornographic literature upon teen-agers, and to Los Angeles to criticize various motion pictures, e.g., *Blackboard Jungle*, for stressing sex and violence. As the head of another subcommittee, he has pondered how the U.S. can save itself from hydrogen demolition. He has held hearings on the Bricker Amendment, and as the chairman of still another subcommittee, he has kept the ball rolling against the Dixon-Yates power contract (see above).

Last week he headed for Chicago, where he had a juicy morsel awaiting him. His new target: the black market in babies.

Kept on ice for two weeks at congressional expense had been Harry Miner, a French Canadian whose profession is to smuggle babies across the U.S. border for adoption (at a price) in the U.S. But Miner had jumped the gun on the hearings, with a North American Newspaper Alliance description of his activities. After this happened, Kefauver received a chin-up note from one of his staffers: "Estes, at first blush this sounds bad, but it really is not. It will steal a little thunder, but at the same time it will really 'boom' our hearings."

Harry Miner proved to be a singularly unrepentant witness. When asked to explain his smuggling activities, he roared indignantly: "You call bringing in a baby smuggling? That's giving a baby a home!" Even Estes Kefauver did not find an answer for that sentiment. But the hearings were by no means a total loss, since Kefauver managed to wind up with a virtuous line: "It's certainly a fine thing for kids to know about the Ten Commandments."

Among Washington's politicians and pundits there is no doubt about what Estes Kefauver is up to. He is running hard for his party's presidential nomination in 1960, and that means that he must keep his name and face before the U.S. over a long pull. It does not mean that he would turn down the nomination in 1956, if it should happen to come his way.

MANNERS & MORALS

Legal Lighting

Since 1791, when the U.S. imposed the first tax on whisky, moonshiners have plied their intermittent trade in Dixie's piney woods. They still make a lively dew. At times they garnish their mash with manure to speed fermentation; occasionally a rat, hog or snake crawls into the vat, gobbles its fill, dies, and floats there until the batch of moonshine is ready for the still. Sometimes the fermenting corn is stintured with Clorox or lye to beef

up its punch (moonshine is rarely more than 75 proof).

Because they evade taxes and otherwise violate state and federal laws, moonshiners are the constant prey of federal and state officials. But policing them is like policing weeds. With their portable stills, copper coils, sugar and corn, they are suddenly in or out of business on any ridge or in any gully. In recent years, with demand increased because of high taxes (up to 36% of the purchase price) on legal liquor, moonshiners have been working overtime. Last year revenuers cooled 22,913 stills in the U.S. But they missed even more. The ones they missed cooked an estimated 35



Burck, Chicago Sun-Times
"HURRY, ESTES! THE FIRE'S GOING OUT."

million gallons of raw popskull. Of all spirits consumed in the U.S. last year, one gallon in four was moonshine.

In North Carolina, the "Moonshine Capital of the World" (3,846 stills seized in 1954), state officials have inaugurated a shrewd new strategy against moonshiners. On the shelves of state liquor stores there has appeared a civilized but untamed 100-proof corn liquor respectfully labeled "White Lightning—Clear as the Mountain Dew" and respectfully distilled on order by a subsidiary of the Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. in Louisville. The North Carolina Board of Alcoholic Control had decided that it would stop trying to wean moonshine guzzlers, and would offer them a better product.

White Lightning is produced from a mash of 85% corn, 15% malt—no rats, snakes or lye. It is aged less than 30 days, and then the aging process is stopped by storing it in uncharred, paraffin-lined barrels. At \$4.40 a quart (\$2.25 a pint), it costs less than most aged amber whiskeys but slightly more than moonshine (\$3.50 to \$4 a quart). North Carolinians snapped up the first consignment. "Man," said one satisfied customer last week, "that's just like I was raised on."

TERRITORIES

Awakening the Virgins

On the sunny, sluggish Virgin Islands (pop. 27,000), even an ordinary walk seems like a mad rush. Into the languid territory last year charged a fast-moving new governor: Archibald Alfonso Alexander, 67, self-made Des Moines building contractor and onetime first-string football tackle (Iowa, '12). Last week reformer Alexander, the island's second Republican governor,* was making some progress with the beautiful, backward Virgins. He was also making some enemies.

"Stealing Going On." In the islands, family income averages only about \$400 a year. The territory badly needs roads, schools, sanitation, even water, despite \$100 million in past U.S. subsidies. Surplus federal property turned over to local officials has been neglected; one Navy-built hospital was leased for hotel use at a very low rental. The legislature spent \$180,000 in two years—almost four times as much as Hawaii spent on its legislators—for salaries and expenses, including such items as cigars and cases of beer.

To clean up the Virgins, the U.S. Congress handed Archie Alexander a new broom: a revised organic act giving the governor sweeping powers, and a comptroller to check on the cash. An audit turned up a shortage in government funds of \$125,000, still untraced. "Some stealing," said Alexander, "had been going on." Alexander rattled the islanders with straw-boss mannerisms. When an unpaid volunteer adviser remarked, "There's a lot of work to be done," Alexander boomed in reply: "Well, you son of a bitch, why don't you get to it?" The adviser quit.

* The first G.O.P. governor, 1931-1935: the late Professor Paul Martin Pearson, father of Columnist Drew Pearson. He requested that upon his death his ashes be scattered in the Caribbean around the Virgin Islands.



Howard Johnson

GOVERNOR ALEXANDER
Despite nightly prayers.

Inspecting a ramshackle nursery school, Iowan Alexander snapped: "This looks like an Iowa pigpen—fix it!" Moreover, he paid for the fixing out of his own pocket.

"Ten-Dollar Punch." The governor cut out lavish Government House parties, served instead of good whiskey an economical "ten-dollar punch" of fruit juice and local rum. As his official car he bought a Cadillac—vintage 1949. He consolidated 95 government bureaus into 19 and 150 government bank accounts into one, transferred 30 federal workers to the local government payroll, saving \$80,000 a year.

Alexander's economy drive reached its peak when he vetoed the eleven-man legislature's \$62,500 appropriation for its payroll and expenses. At that, the legislature's vice chairman, Earle B. Otley, exploded. Said he: "I go to bed every night hoping Alexander will be removed by morning."

Last week Archie Alexander had no fear of removal and no plans to quit. "I have been facing front for 60 years," he said. "I am not going to turn around now."

IMMIGRATION

New Chance in Life

Into New York harbor last week sailed the first entire shipload of refugees to enter the U.S. under the Refugee Relief Act of 1953. "We come with gratitude," said Hans Freer, 34, one of 1,243 refugees aboard the chartered U.S. Navy transport *General Langfitt*. Freer's arrival with his family amounted to a near miracle of deliverance: his wife had been a Soviet slave laborer, he was buffeted about Europe by Nazis and Communists for 15 years, and for a time it seemed unlikely that many refugees would ever reach the U.S. under the 1953 relief act. Last week, after a slow start, the program was rolling.

Built-in Booby Traps. The refugee program was disoriented originally by a Senate tug of war. At first the bill, called the Emergency Migration Act, was intended largely for people from Southern Europe barred by the low quotas of the McCarran-Walter Act, the basic U.S. immigration law. Nevada's late Senator Pat McCarran managed to change much of the content, as well as the title. As passed, the act was an administrative monstrosity which Congress assigned to the State Department's Security Chief, Scott McLeod. There was no staff, no office space, not even a desk for the program, but McLeod came under a barrage of criticism because of delays.

State's ousted Immigration Consultant Edward Corsi called the program a "national scandal" (TIME, May 2). Cried Corsi: "Refugees are investigated to death" by McLeod's "security gang." Actually the security check has barred very few refugees. Out of 2,199 applicants in Germany and Austria, only 51 have been rejected on grounds of security.

Most of the program's delays were built in by Congress, which booby-trapped the bill with unworkable provisions. Visas



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
REFUGEES ARRIVING IN NEW YORK
Despite home-made obstacles.

were arbitrarily allotted to various areas on the basis of pressure in Congress. Some of the quotas could be filled several times over; others cannot be met at all.

Help Wanted. One major problem is the act's strict definition of refugees as people who lack "the essentials of life." Most refugees in Europe have settled down—which automatically disqualifies them. In Germany, once jammed with nearly 10 million refugees, the camps now hold only 29,000 people.

Many waiting refugees are held back because each must be guaranteed a home and job by a U.S. resident. Group guarantees from charitable agencies would be much easier to obtain. In The Netherlands at least 6,000 assurances are needed, but only 466 have been given so far.

Italian and Greek relatives of U.S. residents are filling up the quotas from those countries—because Congress permitted the relatives of constituents to pre-empt the refugee quotas. But no action has yet been taken on the amendments proposed by President Eisenhower to liberalize the act.

Modest Success. The 30,000th person to land under the refugee act arrived last week aboard the *General Langfitt*. From now on the ship will ferry in 1,200 refugees every 26 days. Of the 214,000 visas authorized by the act, 38,583 have been granted. Administrator McLeod confidently predicts that a total of some 160,000 visas will be issued. In Germany and Austria, more than 3,000 visas are now being granted monthly. In Italy, U.S. consular officials are issuing 124 visas every working day, enough to fill Italy's quota two months ahead of the act's deadline: Dec. 31, 1956.

The U.S. refugee program is at least a modest success, despite its homemade obstacles. It is, as President Eisenhower said when he signed the act, providing "a new chance in life" for human beings ill-treated in other lands.

FOREIGN NEWS

BIG FOUR

Around the Hollow Square

Lake Geneva glistened and Mont Blanc kept distant watch. In the frescoed hall of Geneva's Palais des Nations, the chiefs of government of four of the world's most powerful nations sat down at the green-leather-topped tables. They came attended by guards, fussed over and briefed by attendant swarms of experts, backed by libraries of data and filing cases crammed with plans. President Eisenhower was chairman of the first session, and therefore in position to set the tone.

"We meet here for a simple purpose," said the President. "We are not here merely to catalogue our differences. We are not here to repeat the same dreary exercises that have characterized most of our negotiations of the past ten years. We are here in response to the peaceful aspirations of mankind . . . to inject a new spirit into our diplomacy."

"It is necessary that we talk frankly about the concrete problems which create tension," Eisenhower said. "First is the problem of unifying Germany." Other problems the President stressed: Every nation's fear of international Communism's "alien domination"; the overriding problem of armament and how to ensure that "no frightful surprises" can befall any nation.

Though carefully tamped down, as it had been, by all the cautious words in

advance, an attitude of expectancy broke out in Geneva as the Big Four gathered around the hollow square of tables.

Everyone recognized Geneva as a testing place, though no one was sure what the testing standards would be. If Geneva is to succeed at all, its success would come not from settling anything, but from starting something. The West went to Geneva not to sign agreements out of trust, but to see whether trust itself is possible, or whether mutual self-interest now provides grounds for limited arrangements where trust is lacking.

Beyond Geneva's widening circles of participants and counselors (700 in the four delegations) and observers (some 1,400 newsmen) lay the great waiting public itself, which had alternately had its hopes raised and its expectations dashed by statesmen who sometimes acted as if the public, left to its native good sense, could not be trusted to achieve the proper expression of mixed skepticism and hope. But the public was the Big Fifth at Geneva. In the pre-conference remarks of both the U.S.'s Eisenhower and Russia's Bulganin was an implied acknowledgment that the public expected and demanded something of them.

No nation would want to leave Geneva in the role of spoiler of the world's hope. The public's expectation would be at best a spur to agreement; at worst, a temptation to the participants to show progress where there was in fact none.

The Chummy Commissar

[See Cover]

It was the first press conference ever held by a Premier of the Soviet Union. Some press delegates to the Parley at the Summit—Khrushchev, Molotov, Zhukov and Gromyko—Marshal Nikolai Bulganin marched into a wood-paneled conference room within the Kremlin's walls and, stationing himself beneath a portrait of Lenin, read a three-page statement to 65 waiting reporters. Questions were not allowed, and the other Russian leaders said not one word. Their presence simply confirmed the obvious fact that Nikolai Bulganin spoke for all of them—for the Communist Party, the Soviet government and the Red army.

The Soviet delegation, said Bulganin, would make a "great effort" at Geneva to secure a period of peace. "We have never intended, and do not intend, to attack anybody in the future."

Russia is anxious for a temporary lull in the arms race, he implied. "Inflated military budgets are an enormous burden upon the shoulders of the masses . . ." But no one should think Russia would be leading from weakness: "We have an army and, in our opinion, a very good army—with all the necessary equipment."

The soft words flowed on: "Some people think that capitalism is better than [Communism]. We are convinced that the op-

TWO PLANS FOR EUROPE

On the table, as the Geneva talks opened, lay two sets of plans for Germany and Europe—one Soviet, the other Western.

THE WESTERN PLAN

THE ALLIES have agreed on a slightly refurbished version of the Eden Plan which the Russians turned down last year at Berlin (TIME, Feb. 8, 1954). Provisions:

- ¶ Free, all-German elections to choose a constituent assembly.
- ¶ An all-German constitution, drafted by the assembly.
- ¶ Formation of a constitutional government, superseding the West German Republic and the Soviet satellite regime.

The Allies insist that a reunited Germany must be free to make or refuse to make alliances. West Germany is already a member of NATO. The West recognizes that Bonn's signature cannot bind a united Germany, but expects that a reunited Germany would prefer to join the West. If it does, both Britain and France are ready to "take account of the legitimate needs of Soviet security," even possibly to guarantee that an all-German army should be no larger than West Germany's proposed twelve divisions. The U.S. is considering an arrangement by which the Western half of a reunited Germany would remain armed inside NATO while the present Soviet zone would be demilitarized, except for a radar fence.

Next step: to work out an informal arrangement between the seven-nation West European Union and the eight Warsaw Pact nations of Eastern Europe. The West will not consider any dismantling of NATO or of U.S. bomber bases, but it is willing to discuss a step-by-step reduction of armaments by both blocs.

THE SOVIET PLAN

THE RUSSIANS start from this proposition: they will discuss German unity only if a united Germany is kept from joining forces with the West. The Kremlin proposes:

- ¶ Some kind of "merging" of the West and East German governments.
- ¶ This will be followed by all-German elections, with special provisions to keep "anti-democratic elements" off the ballot, and outlawing of "Fascist, militaristic and other organizations which are hostile to democracy." In the Soviet definition, almost anyone, including Catholics, Lutherans, Conservatives and Socialists can be "hostile to democracy."
- ¶ An outright prohibition against German alliance with "any power" that fought against Hitler—neutrality by decree.

The Communists also insist that a reunified Germany stop at the Oder-Neisse line, leaving Silesia and Pomerania in Red Poland and most of East Prussia to the Russians. Both Red Poland and East Germany have served notice that this border is final and "forever."

The Kremlin also proposes a grandiose Pan-European security system in which 30 or more nations, including the Soviet Union but not the U.S. (except as an "observer"), would mutually guarantee the peaceful intentions of all.

The inclusion of so many features that Germany and the West have previously rejected suggests that Moscow has no intention of negotiating a German settlement at Geneva, and that by inviting Chancellor Adenauer to visit the Kremlin in September, it has so forewarned West Germany.



Associated Press

SOVIET DELEGATION TO GENEVA: ZHUKOV, KHRUSHCHEV, BULGANIN, MOLOTOV, GROMYKO
Coexistence by cocktail party, memories of past friendship, and a pledge of good will.

posite is the case. But this argument cannot be settled by force, through war. Let everyone prove in peaceful economic competition that he is right. There are many unsettled questions in the world. And this will be the case in the future. Such is life."

"It would be naive to think," he concluded, that at Geneva, "we shall solve all the complex international problems. But if all participants show good will . . . we undoubtedly will be able to find common ground, and chart ways for an effective settlement."

Premier Bulganin is something less than the boss of all Russia, but he is considerably more than a figurehead. Under the rules of the game as it is played in the Soviet Union, he has proved himself in many fields a first class administrator. In the rough and tumble of Communist politics, he has shown himself clever, adaptable, tough. He is a dedicated Communist, versed in its dialectic and a prisoner of its rigidities, but his whole career has shown him also to be a flexible operator with a talent for survival.

Little Kremlin. The day after his speech to the press, Marshal Bulganin explained for Geneva along with his two portly comrades, Khrushchev and Zhukov. Ahead of them by one day had gone stony-faced Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov and Stony-Face the Younger, Andrei Gromyko, First Deputy Foreign Minister. With such a constellation at his side, Bulganin established a Little Kremlin, within five miles of President Eisenhower's Little White House, on the shores of Lake Geneva.

With Khrushchev also in the party, there could be no doubt, as Bulganin told a U.S. consular official, that the talks would be "at the very summit." The American answered that he did not think that one delegation member was at the highest level. Quick as a flash, Bulganin asked, "You mean Zhukov?" And then, without even hinting at the possibility that the Communists hope to capitalize on Marshal Zhukov's old-soldier friend-

ship with Dwight Eisenhower, he set out to justify Zhukov's inclusion. "How can questions of disarmament be solved without him?" asked Bulganin. "Zhukov might not agree with the decisions we take without him, but if he is there, we can all agree together."

The Russian "we" at Geneva was plainly meant to demonstrate that there is not yet a Russian "I."

Bulganin, as Premier, officially heads the mission, and thus a great deal at Geneva may depend on the character and personality of this 60-year-old marshal. Only in recent months, in the searching and candid lens of foreign cameras, has the world had a good look at him. All his life he has served Communism and his country—as policeman and purger, businessman and bureaucrat, Defense Minister and Premier. Yet, until six months ago, he has made little more impact on the Western world than a splendidly caparisoned beefeater, opening and closing the door through which more ambitious men approached the Soviet throne room.

Nikolai Alexandrovich, as the comrades call their Premier, is a marshal of the Soviet Union. With his shoulder boards bouncing and his chestful of medals a jangle, he can cut a fine figurehead of a military man. Yet Marshal Bulganin has never actually commanded anything more formidable than a posse of secret policemen.

Liaison Man. In the roster of Soviet eminence, Bulganin until recently took a back seat, not only to the party bosses, Khrushchev and Malenkov and Kaganovich, and the government officials, Molotov and Mikoyan, but even, in some respects, to his subordinate: Hero of the Soviet Union Georgy Zhukov. Bulganin learned self-effacement in the hardest school of all: Joseph Stalin's, where self-effacement was often the price of survival. On the dictator's 70th birthday, every member of the Politburo was required to compose a paean of praise for the Soviet newspapers. Khrushchev contrived to include 45 separate mentions

of Stalin's name and Malenkov 57, but Bulganin topped them all. He mentioned the boss 108 times in his piece—easily a record.

In the wary balancings of power that have gone on since Stalin died, Bulganin has a unique qualification: his experience as liaison man between the untrusting masters of the Kremlin and the untrusting brasshats of Moscow's Frunze Street, the Red army GHQ. The Kremlin used Bulganin as "the eye of the party on the army." At one point, his job was to cut down to size such wartime heroes as Zhukov and Konev. But Bulganin also seems to have ingratiated himself somewhat with the military people by becoming a lobbyist in the Kremlin for better weapons and higher army pay.

Soviet Schweppesman. When Khrushchev nominated Bulganin to become the Soviet Union's sixth Premier, he told the Supreme Soviet: "We all know Nikolai Alexandrovich . . ." The fact was that few in Moscow did know him. But within a matter of weeks the marshal had become a hearty, back-slapping adman for a Soviet campaign of sweet reasonableness, with a quip, a smile and a "come and see my place in the country" for almost every foreign diplomat in Moscow.

When Nehru arrived in Moscow, Bulganin set a precedent by driving through the streets with him in an open car. Last week he offhandedly refused the barbed-wire fence which the Swiss offered to build around his Geneva villa. At parties and receptions, Premier Bulganin has set the style for the new aggressive chumminess, or coexistence by cocktail party.

Bulganin enjoys his new headman role, which fits him as neatly as his custom-made pin-stripe suits. Unlike some of his colleagues, who parade their ill manners as a proof of their proletarian ancestry, he can be effusively polite, a man of mellifluous phrases and old-fashioned courtesy. Bulganin never bellows or uses foul language, as his old friend Kaganovich does; he has polished manners, clean fingernails, and never spills his soup, as Stalin used

to do. In different circumstances, Bulganin might have let his beard grow and become a Soviet Schweppesman, peddling bottled charm.

Women find Bulganin a regular old smoothie ("A real gentleman," cooed one of the chorus girls of the touring *Comédie Française*, after Bulganin paid a visit backstage at the Bolshoi). Nikolai Alexandrovich returns the compliment. During the Russians' visit to Belgrade (TIME, June 6), a Western newsmen watched Bulganin ogle a girl translator. Later, at the ballet, Tito remarked that Belgrade's dancers were easier on the eyes than negotiators. "Yes," mused Bulganin, eyes on stage. "Khrushchev never had legs like these."

Hand of Terror. At 60, the Premier of Russia is hearty and handsome, an erect, vigorous little man. Struggling to characterize his bluff good looks, the New York Times, in a single article, compared Bul-

would still look what he is—a tough proletarian."

Watching Bulganin take hold of his new job as Premier, Moscow's foreign diplomats have been impressed by his relaxed manner and self-confidence. Once, referring to Stalin (six months after Stalin's death), Bulganin remarked casually: "He messed everything up." To one veteran U.S. observer, Bulganin seems "reasonable, intelligent and able." "He talks freely about delicate problems," said a Dispatch to the Quai d'Orsay. "He is a master at creating an atmosphere of relaxed tension." Recently, before deciding to go himself to Geneva, Khrushchev remarked at a garden party: "I trust Bulganin. No one has to hover at his elbow."

The Committee. Western diplomats and analysts are in general agreement that Russia now has a committee government, in which no one has clearly emerged

BULGANIN: The only man among them who has experience in every aspect of Soviet leadership—police, party, industry, state and army. "He has no blind side," says one French authority. An American diplomat judges that Bulganin is stronger than most Westerners suspect. "I got the impression," said another, "that he takes orders from no man." In public appearances, however, he seems content to let Khrushchev steal the show.

MOLOTOV: The world's most experienced diplomat; a tenacious, relentless negotiator. As an Old Bolshevik, he has considerable Kremlin prestige, but is not regarded as a contestant in the power stakes.

ZHUKOV: Perhaps the most popular man in Russia, as the result of his World War II victories. Should the power struggle break out again, the army's—and Zhukov's—role might prove decisive. But Zhukov is not in the Politburo, and so



ZHUKOV



MALENKOV



KAGANOVICH



MIKOYAN



Leonid McCombe: International
MOLOTOV

The Russian "we" has not yet become a Russian "I".

ganin to "the concertmaster of a prewar provincial German band," to "that traditional turn-of-the-century figure, 'foxy grandpa,'" to "a Brussels banker" (Bulganin once ran the Soviet State bank). He also has the look of a river-boater gambler: the courtly grin is matched by an appraising eye.

In a face softened by comfortable living, the appraising eye is the one conspicuous reminder of Bulganin's unamiable past. As a 24-year-old Chekist (secret policeman), he sacked every non-Bolshevik trade union and peasant co-operative in his home town, Nizhni-Novgorod (now Gorky), and earned a local reputation as "the hand of the Red Terror." Today his outward benignity and a certain dignified reserve gain by contrast with the party secretary, Khrushchev, though both grew up in the same hard school.

Where Khrushchev, the proletarian, overflows with animal vigor, Bulganin exudes good manners—and a faint whiff of eau de cologne. Khrushchev's idea of fun is to strip off his shirt and wrestle with his colleagues; Bulganin's sport is fishing, and he loves ballet. "Dress Bulganin up in striped pants and a black coat, and he'd look at home in any European Parliament," says one Western diplomat. "Khrushchev in the same garb

as No. 1, because most of the committee-men are resolved that no one should. Khrushchev, as party boss (Stalin's old job) and by force of personality, is the man with most to say. But the rest do not jump to do Khrushchev's bidding as they did in Stalin's day. At least not yet.

Though top-level strategy is hammered out collectively, execution and considerable power of discretion is often delegated to one committee member. Thus, Molotov at San Francisco agreed to pay half the cost of a U.S. plane shot down over the Bering Strait, after only the most casual refer-back to Moscow. Mikoyan, negotiating the economic clauses of the Austrian state treaty, accepted a sizable reduction in Austria's reparations payments without leaving the room.

A rough consensus of Western diplomatic opinion on the committee members:

KHRUSHCHEV: "A brute," says a senior Western ambassador. Khrushchev meddles in all fields but, except for the mechanics of power-grabbing, is really knowledgeable in none. A headlong, rough-house character with more drive and gusto than the others, he also has a peasant's cunning. He is gradually packing the Politburo with men of his own choosing, and seems not to have suffered for making a drunken spectacle of himself in Belgrade.

far, the evidence is that he has not exerted his strength for other than army ends.

KAGANOVICH: An old hand, perhaps the most self-effacing of the lot, and therefore apt to be underrated on the outside, but regarded as a steady influence among rival factions.

MIKOYAN: A shrewd, sharp Armenian and a wizard at trade and barter. Intellect: brilliant. Force of character: limited.

MALENKOV: The only party boss in Soviet history to lose his job and keep his head. A senior Western ambassador rates him as the "shrewdest, most intelligent and most competent of them all," but his influence seems currently to be in a waning phase.

Vacant Seat? "Observing these men and the way they behave among themselves," wrote Walter Kindermann, the official translator who accompanied the Austrian delegation to Moscow, "there seems to be hardly any doubt that [Stalin's] place is vacant at present. All these men are strong personalities. One or the other may at a given time be in the limelight for a short while. But I certainly did not get the impression that there is one among them who ruled over the others."

In the long run, the pull of personal ambition, the bent of Communist doctrine,

and the lessons of Soviet experience (both Lenin and Stalin engraved personal dictatorship on the heart of the Communist state), are likely to impel one or another power-grabber to get too grabby. For the time being, however, Khrushchev, Bulganin & Co. seem to be resolved to make their committee work. There is a community of interest in a good thing that they want to hang on to; a scuffle for power that jeopardized their police state might be the end of them all. One thing in their favor is that they have been at it together for 30 years or more: they are used to one another, they have killed and survived together, and are not apt to make sentimental mistakes about each other.

"Next Day—Pfft." Bulganin's career illustrates this interlocking of interests among the Kremlin gang. As a Chekist in home-town Nizhni Novgorod, he served under Kaganovich (1918), Molotov (1919), Mikoyan (1920). The official Soviet biography makes Bulganin a proletarian, born of a "worker's family," but his father was probably a clerk, and sufficiently beyond the proletariat to be able to send his boy Nikolai to technical high school, where he got a solid grounding in math, physics and German.

Bulganin joined the party at the age of 22, a few crucial months before the Revolution. He thus qualifies as one of the few Old Bolsheviks still in power in the Kremlin (the others: Voroshilov, Molotov, Kaganovich). Bulganin served his apprenticeship as an agitator, making trouble among the textile workers. After the fighting, he switched to the Cheka, where he bloodily put the agitators down. It was Kaganovich who sent Bulganin to Moscow to serve on the High Soviet of People's Economy. The High Soviet's appointed task: "To catch up with and surpass America."

Bulganin was appointed director of the huge Moscow Electrical Station. He knew little about engineering, but the official biography explains that he "completed his education on the run, from the technicians under him." A Swiss engineer, selling machinery there at the time, says that overnight, slackness vanished in the plant. "When a man was no good," says the Swiss engineer, "he would be there one day and next day—pfft."

Mayor of Moscow. As a result of Bulganin's efforts, the Moscow Electrical Station fulfilled its target in the first Five-Year Plan in less than three years. Bulganin's reward was an assignment to succeed Kaganovich as chairman of the Moscow Soviet—in effect, Mayor of Moscow. Bulganin built boulevards and six bridges across the Moskva River. From Britain and France he imported such "improvements" as a fleet of trolley buses and a set of spanking white gloves for the capital's traffic cops. Bulganin worked with Kaganovich and Khrushchev, then a district party boss, on the building of the Moscow subway. With Georgy Malenkov, then the chief of Moscow party cadres, he purged the party apparatus. One day



Sovfoto

BUILDING MOSCOW SUBWAY: KHRUSHCHEV (2ND FROM LEFT), BULGANIN & KAGANOVICH



Sovfoto

REVIEWING MAY DAY PARADE (1948): BULGANIN ON HIS CHARGER IN RED SQUARE



Jugo-Foto

VISITING TITO (1955): BULGANIN WITH COMRADE KHRUSHCHEV
In a community of self-interest, no sentimental mistakes.

Voroshilov complained that his limousine was constantly being held up on a narrow boulevard. Bulganin personally supervised the widening of the entire street.

Bulganin, as mayor, traveled widely in Western Europe. Another mayor, Konrad Adenauer of Cologne, asked him how he handled "Moscow's 4,000 city councilors." Bulganin answered in fluent German, as if explaining everything: "We simply hold our meetings in the opera house." Said Adenauer 20 years later: "I had an excellent impression of Herr Bulganin. Meanwhile, he has become Premier

retreat from Russia, was liquidating the rebellious peasants who had sided with the Germans in the Ukraine. Bulganin was doing the same job in Belorussia.

On the Rise. Attached to the victorious army of Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky (now National Defense Minister of Red Poland) Commissar Bulganin cold-bloodedly prevented any help from reaching the "premature" Polish patriots when they rose against the Nazis in Warsaw. Bulganin came out of the war loaded down with decorations, and liked to clank around in them. Not Hero Zhukov, of

it but Nikolai Alexandrovich Bulganin. To a visiting U.S. journalist, he described himself, with mock humility, as "a young Prime Minister" who feels "just like anybody else does when picked for a job like this."

Cocktail-Party Premier. Bulganin, as Premier, has laid aside his marshal's uniforms and taken to soft, dark suits, silk socks and cambric shirts. His office is in the Kremlin, but he lives in a spacious *dacha* outside Moscow. His plump, 55-year-old wife, Elena Mikhailovna, teaches English at one of Moscow's high schools. They have a son and daughter, both married. Interviewed by a Danish journalist, who asked about the Premier's private life, Elena Bulganin said that she and Nikolai Alexandrovich discuss their work with one another "like all married couples do." She added: "We have Sundays and the holidays together, and many evenings when we visit the theater or cinema."

Nowadays Bulganin spends many afternoons and evenings appearing with other Soviet leaders at diplomatic gatherings, showing off their capacity for good fellowship. Sometimes, if Khrushchev gets a little too liquored up, Bulganin pulls him away, usually with a phrase such as, "Come, Nikita. It is time for you to go."

Corks & Coexistence. On his own, Bulganin has at times surprised Western diplomats by his uninhibited outspokenness. Once, when the other committee members were out of town, he accepted a toast to the Soviet government: "I can drink to that. Tonight, I am the Soviet government." Bulganin's pet refrain since he started party-going has been that the Soviet Union is determined to avoid war. "Down with war," he shouted at a recent reception. "I say that as commanding general of all the armed forces of the Soviet Union." Later, a champagne cork popped loudly, and Bulganin quickly added: "Let's use these instead of cannon." The cannon, however, are also still available.



MOSCOW'S MAYOR BULGANIN & WIFE ELENA (1936)
Bridges for the river, white gloves for the cops.

Associated Press

and I have become Chancellor. We both have done quite well."

Jack-of-All-Trades. Bulganin's administrative talents soon caught Stalin's eye. He was—and still is—an energetic jack-of-all-problems, in business, bureaucracy or statecraft. Knowing little about banking, he became head of the Gosbank, Soviet equivalent of the U.S. Federal Reserve. Neither chemist nor metallurgist, (serving alongside Molotov) he whipped Russian production of explosives and gun metals to record heights in 1939.

When Hitler attacked Russia, Bulganin, a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, made a name for himself by being the first high Soviet official to "volunteer" for war service at the fighting front. Bulganin became the civilian organizer behind Marshal Georgy Zhukov's defense of the Soviet capital. Since he has become Premier, his biography has been edited to paint a picture of Bulganin at the barricades. He was never at the barricades but he—and Moscow's embattled citizenry—did the necessary job. As a reward, Bulganin got a general's rank in the Red army and rapid advancement to the post of political commissar. While Khrushchev, in the days of German

whom Stalin was jealous, but Commissar Bulganin became Minister of the Armed Forces.

By 1948, Bulganin had arrived. Stalin made him a full-fledged member of the Politburo. While Malenkov, Zhdanov and Beria jockeyed to succeed the failing dictator, Bulganin bided his time. His sister Nadezhda was a confidante of Stalin's wife, Roza Kaganovich, and through their "women's letters," says a Red army officer who defected recently, Bulganin was always apprised on which way the struggle was going. He stayed out of the way.

On his fiery charger, Bulganin would review Red army parades and make the customary we-are-peace-loving-but-we-are-strong speech. Once, when the High Command expressed its irritation at the performance of the Minister of Military Aviation, Bulganin packed him off to Siberia. Bulganin's control of the military machinery paid off handsomely soon after Stalin died. The party, in the person of Malenkov, pounced on Lavrenty Beria, but it was Bulganin who called out the tanks of the Red army garrison to disarm Beria's MVD battalions.

Not long afterwards, Malenkov lost his job too, and who should be there to take

INDIA

Great Messenger of Peace

Three cordons of police were linked arm to arm to hold back the crowd of more than 5,000 gathered at Bombay Airport to welcome homecoming Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru back from his good-will tour of Europe and Russia last week. "In the countries I visited," Neutralist Nehru was telling the dignitaries gathered in a nearby hangar, "I was welcomed not for myself, but as a symbol, a symbol of India and peace." At that point the weary policemen's arms gave out, and the welcoming crowd roared across the airstrip, trampling men, women and children in their enthusiastic rush to get closer to the great man. Hastily abandoning his speech, Nehru prudently retreated out a back door of the hangar.

At New Delhi, the temperature was 100.7°, and the welcome even warmer. There, warned by Bombay, the police had put up barriers of steel tubing to hold back the crowds who came 10,000-

strong by bus, bicycle, rickshaw and bullock cart to shout "Long live the God of Peace." But the steel was as a willow with before a flood. As India's President, flanked by Indian officials, proffered his returning Prime Minister a bunch of roses, the fence fell and the crowd surged forward. Somebody yanked the President to safety, but the Minister of Production lost a sandal (and kicked the other off as he fled), while the Minister of Defense was knocked flat. In the pandemonium that followed, Nehru seized a policeman's steel-tipped bamboo *lathi* and, brandishing it aloft, cried at the crowd: "Stop this uproar!"

Instead of obliging, the crowd began pelting him with flowers. A jeep clattered by. Nehru leaped aboard and began deftly fielding the tossed bouquets and flinging them back at the crowd. Smiling broadly, the great pacifier was just beginning to enjoy this warlike game when a particularly heavy garland caught him square on the head and dropped him into the jeep's seat.

Sweat was pouring from his face when at last he fought his way to the great reception tent erected in his honor. From the tangle of wrecked chairs and public-address wires, he seized a microphone and panted at the crowd: "I had a lot of things to say, but they will have to wait until a better time. I thank you for this great reception, but you have spoiled part of my happiness by this confusion." Unable to hear this gentle reproach because the mike was dead, the crowd at last dispersed, tired but happy. As Nehru sank into a comfortable seat in President Prasad's car, the police gathered up the casualties and carried them away on stretchers beneath an archway inscribed with the glowing words: "Welcome, Great Messenger of World Peace Nehru."

GREAT BRITAIN

Act of Grace

"Be warned," cried the headline in London's *Daily Express*. "This is a story of horror, brutality and evil. It is the story of the postwar life of an English war bride in Czechoslovakia. It is a terrible story." *Express* readers were quick to take the hint.

With avid eyes and indignant hearts they gobbled up the tale of young Phyllis Clarke, who had met and married Czech Airman Jaroslav Sispara in England in 1941 and returned with him to his own country at war's end. The story, told by Phyllis herself, described the happiness of those early years and then the change that occurred when the Communists took over Czechoslovakia. Arrested while attempting to escape on Christmas Eve, 1950, Phyllis, along with her husband, was dragged by police into a border railway station and raped before her three children, who were forced to stand watching. After that, her husband was sent to jail, her children were taken from her, and Phyllis herself was tortured, beaten and forced to dig her own grave.

Public Demand. What gave the *Express* story its final filip was the fact that it had no end. Phyllis, though saved from the grave she herself had dug, was still trapped in Czechoslovakia. She had been released from jail, had divorced her husband (amicably, so it was said, and in a further effort to obtain her own release), and her three children had been put in a state home. A friendly Czech named Jaromir Chudy, crossing the border as a refugee, had taken her story to the *Express*. Warming to its cause, the *Express* editorialized: "Here is a woman,

husband, who has spent the last several years in a uranium mine. They promised him a good job, and a villa for the whole family, if only Phyllis would consent to stay in Communist Czechoslovakia.

They did not know Phyllis. She was unmoved by the offer. At last the Communists told her she could take her children and go "as an act of grace." Last week, accompanied by the three little Sisparas, Phyllis, looking plump and happy, arrived at the Amsterdam airport, a free woman. Readers of the *Daily Express* had not been prepared for what



WAR BRIDE SISPERA WITH CHILDREN & JAROMIR CHUDY
The Communists did not know Phyllis.

Keystone

torn from her husband, robbed of her children, punished inhumanly for no crime at all. The British people demand her release."

Other papers took up the cry. In the week before Geneva, Phyllis was bigger news than Eden or Bulganin. "The treatment," said the *Manchester Guardian*, "makes a travesty of Moscow's recent proposals for greater freedom of cultural exchange." In Parliament, M.P.s prodded Minister of State Anthony Nutting into admitting that some 94 other British war brides were similarly trapped behind the Iron Curtain. So long as such things went on, Nutting later warned the Czech ambassador, Anglo-Czech relations "would continue to be poisoned."

Out of the Mines. In the midst of the continuing clamor, Minister Nutting rose in the House of Commons one day to announce that Phyllis Sispara had disappeared. Fleet Street blackened its front pages with the news. Two days later, the British embassy in Prague found her again. What had happened? Desperate in the face of sentiment turned against them by Britain's newspapers, the Communists had spent two days diverting Phyllis and her children with picnics and promises. They had even produced her divorced

husband next. She flew straight into the arms of Jaromir Chudy, the refugee who had got the *Express* interested in her story. Announced Jaromir calmly: "I am going to marry her."

WEST GERMANY

A Lesson for the Chancellor

"That I should be forced to make a German national army is ridiculous; it is grotesque," West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer complained not long ago. But having accepted the necessity, Adenauer decided to get on with it, and to have something started before Geneva could undo it. In his haste, Chancellor Adenauer, a democrat at heart but sometimes an autocrat in practice, had demanded a blank check from the Bundestag (TIME, July 11). Last week the Bundestag gave the chancellor a salutary lesson.

The lesson was administered principally by a member of Adenauer's own Christian Democratic Party, Richard Jaeger, 42, chairman of the Bundestag's Security Committee. Jaeger, whose distrust of generals is exceeded only by his scorn for Prussians, is by heritage and career a Bavarian (which, as regional patriotism goes among Germans, is something like

being a Texan). Jaeger regards it as his everlasting misfortune that, when he was born, his parents happened to be in Berlin, deep in the heart of Prussia. "The course Germany took under Prussia's leadership," he warned the Bundestag recently, his eyes flashing behind his rimless spectacles, "ended with blood, tears and catastrophe."

Parliamentary Protection. In committee, Chairman Jaeger insisted on writing into Adenauer's vague 250-word "volunteers bill" all the assurances Adenauer had verbally given a hesitant Bundestag. By the time he got through, parliament kept for itself the power to pass on the Defense Ministry's organization, limited recruitment to 6,000 men (3,000 officers, 1,500 noncoms, 1,500 enlisted men), and prohibited the formation of combat units. Under this stopgap bill, which would expire next March, the volunteers would be used only to staff the Defense Ministry and military missions to SHAPE, to maintain military equipment received under the U.S. aid programs, and to attend courses at allied training camps. Jaeger also wrote a separate bill setting up a selection board to screen all officers from colonel up, giving both parliament and President Theodor Heuss veto power over the board's membership.

Such parliamentary control, buffed the chancellor, was an infringement of the executive power. He threatened to ask the courts to declare the bill unconstitutional if passed, and demanded that the Bundestag back down. Jaeger would not budge. Having recently visited the U.S., he had seen how "the legislature has the right to determine the basic principles" of an army's functioning, and that was good enough for him. In West Germany's present climate, compounded of a reluctance to go back into uniform and a determination that no military caste shall ever dominate the country again, Jaeger found wide support.

Good Grace. When Adenauer's men made a nose count of the Bundestag, they found that Jaeger could count on the votes of 110 coalition Deputies, as well as the big Socialist opposition, and had a clear majority. Seeing that he was beaten, *Der Alte* decided to retreat with good grace. He joined up in support of the Jaeger bills, and at week's end got his emergency army bill through, albeit cut to the Bundestag's pattern and not his own.

One of the four parties in Adenauer's coalition is the Refugee Party (27 seats), a strange band that ranges from ex-Nazi to ardent Socialist. Last week the party was rent by internal squabbling; its two Cabinet ministers resigned from the government and from their party, taking seven Deputies along with them. Adenauer was left for the first time short of a technical two-thirds majority in the Bundestag. But Adenauer's strength is still the envy of other Western heads of government, who count themselves lucky to muster a simple majority.

MOROCCO

Death at Café Gonin

New Resident General Gilbert Grandval, sent from Paris to bring peace and a fair deal to restive Moroccans, acted like a man with no time to lose. The minute his plane stopped at Casablanca's airstrip, he jumped down from the plane, too impatient to wait until the ramp was shoved into place. In his first week, he fired nine of the protectorate's top French officials, "for essentially psychological reasons"; they were competent, he explained, but identified with the old, unpopular order. To Moroccan cheers, he declared a general amnesty for Bastille Day, freeing 77 political prisoners and closing the internment camp where Moroccan nationalists had been held. This, he said, was only a beginning. "Spirits must be calmed in order to



RESIDENT GENERAL GRANDVAL
"To the gollows," cried the kids.

instigate a constructive policy," he explained, and urged Moroccans to join the French in celebrating Bastille Day.

Curl of Smoke. Moroccans did, after their fashion. On Bastille Day, Moroccan flags flew alongside the French Tricolor, the streets were thronged with French and Moroccan strollers, and the café terraces were packed.

The day was just turning cool in the Rond-Point Mers Sultan when a three-wheeled delivery motorcart pulled up before the Café Gonin, crowded with Europeans sipping apéritifs while they waited for the street dancing to begin. Two Moroccan teen-age youths climbed off the motorcycle and walked away. Minutes later, somebody noticed a curl of smoke coming from the motorcycle. Two European youths lifted up the canvas cover and peered in. There was a deafening explosion. Café Gonin's terrace became a mass of writhing, bloody bodies. Six Europeans were dead, 35 wounded.

In Casablanca, violence begets violence. Crowds of young Europeans stormed through the streets, smashing native shops, besieging the offices of the liberal French-owned newspaper *Maroc-Presse*, tearing down Moroccan flags. At midnight, a mob smashed into the apartment of Lawyer Jean-Charles Legrand, a French lawyer who has defended Moroccan terrorists in court. Legrand was waiting for them, revolver in hand. For an hour he held them off, killing one young attacker and wounding two others.

Leaflets & Buses. Next day, as the rioting rolled on, anonymous leaflets flooded the city urging Frenchmen to take up arms in protest against the Café Gonin bombing and Grandval's "soft" policy. In groups of two and three hundred, European vigilantes stormed through the city, pillaging and burning native shops, overturning buses. Most vengeful were the *Pied Noir* (Black Foot), half-breeds of mixed Italian, Spanish and Moroccan blood and Morocco's equivalent of the South's "poor white," who hate the native Moroccans with a fury based on economic insecurity. In the heart of the city, rioters lynched one Moroccan, shot down two others with submachine guns, and clubbed the bodies with gun butts. Yelling "Death to Grandval," one mob, thousands strong, tried to storm the city's office buildings, was driven back only by fire hoses and tear gas. The French police made little attempt to discipline the mob. "They're only kids. They don't mean any harm," said one police official.

Retaliating Moroccans erupted from the native quarters, set fire to a hospital and lumber yard, burned one European alive in his car, and with cement blocks smashed in the head of a 76-year-old Frenchman, manager of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

At week's end, defying warnings from demonstrators, the new resident general attended the funeral for the Bastille Day victims in Casablanca's big cathedral. The seething crowd made a rush at Grandval, yelling "Dirty Jew" and "To the gallows," ripped off an epaulet and his cap before police could hustle him into his car.

After three days of the bloodiest rioting Casablanca had seen since 1952, ten Europeans and at least 20 Moroccans were dead, more than 100 wounded. Casablanca was under martial law; tanks and armored cars patrolled the streets and surrounded the native quarters. Grandval announced grimly that he would continue the policy of moderation he had begun. Unhappily, for a man with no time to lose, too much time had already been lost.

ITALY

The Beach

Europe's liveliest public show these days is broad, tree-shaded Via Veneto, which runs from Rome's Piazza Barberini to the ancient Roman Gate of Pinciana. Its wide sidewalks are speckled with bright umbrellas and gay, colored tables. Its curbs are flanked by fashionable ho-



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tels and shops. Rome's American colony calls it "The Beach." An exhausted tourist, slumping into one of the comfortable chairs in mid-afternoon when proper Romans are enjoying a siesta, sees nothing but empty tables or exhausted fellow tourists. But just before lunch, in the late afternoon, or from 10 at night until early morning, the Via Veneto becomes a lively circus of Rome's most colorful characters, and a gawker's delight. Last week its season was at its height.

For Rome's international set, the Via Veneto is outdoor club, place of business, trading post and town pump. At the tables, porcine movie producers discuss deals over an *aperitivo*, sad-eyed young English poets finger their last published articles, handsomely tailored young men while away their time, expertly assess the jewels on neighboring matrons and debate whether to offer their services as escorts. Sauntering by in an endless stream are pretty, dark girls with swelling bosoms and swelling hopes of catching a producer's eye, gawking tourists from Germany, Switzerland or the U.S., or uninhibited Italian families who stop to stare, and sometimes guffaw.

Ham & Eggs. Via Veneto's regulars have their appointed places. At Rosati's Café, strollers can spot most nights Novelist Alberto Moravia, Foreign Minister Gaetano Martino, Vice Premier Giuseppe Saragat, or, after Midnight, Film Star Anna Magnani and Director Vittorio De Sica. Across the street, the Strega's tables swarm with so many starlets and bit players that harried directors have been known to hustle over and do some fast casting on the spot. Most international is the Caffè Doney, where newboys hawk the London *Daily Telegraph*, *France-Soir* and *Variety*, and waiters accept orders for milkshakes or ham-and-eggs without batting an eye. Patrons include Egypt's ex-King Farouk, Hollywood's ex-Star Bruce Cabot (now a fixture of Rome's colony of movie expatriates), visiting U.S. executives, Turkish businessmen, passing luminaries.

For lunch, Via Veneto troops off to the Capriccio, where Ingrid Bergman, Gloria Swanson or Marta Toren may be sighted among a scattering of princelings, or the Colony Club, run by an Italian-American from Long Island who features hamburgers, chili con carne and "Mrs. Wagner's baked beans," all recipes drawn from Macy's *Cooking Encyclopedia*.

The Big Difference. At night, Via Veneto's habitués plunge into a basement presided over by an ageless, red-haired U.S. woman known universally and simply as Bricktop. "John Steinbeck was in a white back," recalled Bricktop last week, "and when Louis Bromfield was here, he opened and shut the place. Tennessee Williams was in this morning, and Truman Capote comes in whenever he's in town." But Rome is not like the old Paris of the '20s, and Bricktop won't hear it compared. Not only are there no Princes of Wales; there are no Hemingways or Dos Passoses along the Via Ve-



Italy's News Service

STREGA'S ON THE VIA VENETO
Amid swelling bosoms, ex-King Farouk and Mrs. Wagner's beans.

neto. Instead, there are the fast-buck boys, actors who are "resting," artists who aren't painting, and people who like to be seen, and people who like to be seen with them.

"The big difference is that people don't spend money any more, honey," mourns Bricktop. "In Paris in the old days, with just four tables, with maybe the Prince of Wales at one and Cole Porter at another, and everybody drinking champagne—even if they were drinking whisky, they had to pay for champagne—why, I could make as much in one night as I make in a month here. People don't have as much fun any more. Of course, in those days, people didn't have nothing to think about."

LAOS

Trouble in the Hills

Last year's Geneva settlement was supposed to end the fighting in the three Indo-Chinese countries, but for one of them, sleepy, remote Laos,* it did nothing at all.

Under Geneva's terms, the Laotian Communists, who called themselves the Pathet Lao and numbered at the time a mere 1,500 or so, were required to withdraw to two provinces, Phongsaly in the north, wedged between Red China and Dienbienphu, and Samneua in the north-east. Inexplicably, Geneva did not require the Pathet Lao, as it did the Communists in South Viet Nam, to get out or disband. The Pathet Lao thereupon laid claim to all of the two provinces, even though their claim violated their own recognition of Laos' aging (70) King Sisavang Vong, now in the 52nd year of his reign,

and Geneva's assurance of his sovereignty.

News travels slowly inside Laos, and much of it never gets out. Not long ago the King and his ministers still believed that the Pathet Lao were merely misguided nationalists. But since Geneva, the Pathet Lao forces have quadrupled in strength. They are led by Prince Souphanouvong, a French-educated member of the Laos royal family, who has a son studying in Moscow and a Vietnamese wife who was formerly Communist Ho Chi Minh's secretary.

Using U.S.-built weapons presumably captured at Dienbienphu, Prince Souphanouvong's forces have for months been harassing royal Laotian outposts. A fortnight ago the Pathet Lao, some 3,000 strong, attacked the royal army's 600-man garrison at Muong Peun, which lies between 8,000-ft. peaks in a bowl-shaped valley reminiscent of Dienbienphu.

It was two days before news of the attack reached the King. When it did, the royal Laotian general staff dispatched an airborne battalion, the army's entire mobile reserve. As red-bereted Laotian paratroopers floated down on Muong Peun, the Communists withdrew to encircling positions, apparently intending to attack again at a more propitious moment.

The sleepy government of Laos stirred itself to anger. Prime Minister Katay Sasorith issued a white paper denouncing the Pathet Lao's belligerence and blasting the International Control Commission (India, Poland and Canada) for its ineffectuality in keeping tabs on Communists movements and Viet Minh infiltration. Having issued the white paper, Prime Minister Katay called it a day, and repaired, as is his wont, to the Pam Pam, the capital's only nightclub, where he watched the dancing girls and discussed with friends the chances of a long rainy season. Laos' best hope to keep the Communists from marching.

* Laos (pop. 1,500,000) has no railroads, no newspapers, 100 miles of paved roads, one Western-trained civilian doctor and one bank, which is less than a year old.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Oil Dickers

The agreements that may some day set thousands of oilwell pumps to work on the important job of increasing Latin American oil production welled up into news in two countries last week. Argentina was on the verge of signing a pattern-setting exploration and development contract with Standard Oil Co. of California when its politicians abruptly balked, forced a cautious re-examination of the whole deal. Guatemala laid down a come-and-get-it oil code that set hardboiled but workable terms by which it is willing to let foreign oil companies find and pump its oil.

Cry of "Entreguismo." In Argentina, which must sell beef in order to buy foreign oil, the saying goes that "every time you start a car you kill a cow." President Juan Perón wants foreigners to come in and produce enough oil to supply his country's needs and to staunch the wound that bleeds the economy of some \$200 million a year. Perón last April signed the contract with California Standard, subject to legislative approval. Its main provisions were those that in general prevail throughout the world: 1) a 50-50 split of profits between government and company, 2) commitments aimed at requiring the company to make discoveries fast, and 3) assurances that local oil needs will be met first at fair prices.

But when the contract went to the Argentine Congress it struck a political

snag. Objections by the opposition Radicals came as no surprise. But some ultranationalistic Peronistas now joined in with the cry of "entreguismo" (literally "deliveryism"), meaning that Perón is giving away precious resources. The anti-contract arguments were mostly nonsense. Nevertheless, the Chamber of Deputies Industry Committee insisted last week that the contract would have to be modified in Argentina's favor.

Workable But Not Liberal. Guatemala's new code, by contrast, gave every promise that the pumps will be clanking soon. It, too, adopted the 50-50 formula and other major provisions in the world pattern. Three big oil companies—California Standard, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), and Conorada Petroleum Corp. (a combine formed by the Continental, Ohio and Amerada oil companies)—seemed ready to sign.

But in Guatemala, the companies had some qualms. "The law is workable, but not liberal," said California Standard's special representative, Frank Plaza. Oilmen think that if oil is found in that country it will be in the sparsely settled jungle region in northern Petén, near the Mexican oilfields. Equipment will have to be flown or dragged in. Under the circumstances, Guatemalan requirements that each company drill at least one well every six months on each concession may be burdensome. Said Lionel Weidey, Jersey negotiator, "Guatemala's first barrel of export oil will cost \$50 million."

ARGENTINA

Peacemaker at Work

"The Peronista revolution has ended." Juan Perón announced suddenly last week to a caucus of Peronista Congressmen. "Now starts a new stage, constitutional in nature and free from revolutions, because revolution cannot be the permanent situation in a country." Therefore, the Strongman said, he was going to step out of the party and "become the President of all Argentines, friends and enemies." He promised, moreover, to "abolish all restrictions that we have imposed on the country" and give the opposition "all liberties within the law."

"I have come to the conclusion that pacification is what is needed," Perón went on. "When one doesn't want a fight, two can't fight."

Trick or Treat? This was a far cry from Perón's cry of 14 months before: "The Republic has only two parts, revolution and counter-revolution," or from what he said only last May: "The revolution isn't over yet." Yet some Argentines interpreted Perón's words as an implicit commitment to renounce his dictatorial powers, end the four-year-old "state of internal war" and restore Argentina's long-lost freedom of speech, press and assembly. Whether Perón really intends to ease up remains to be seen. But the speech fitted tidily into the policy he has followed steadily since the June 16 bombing revolt: to seem the statesman and play



THE DILIGENT QUINTUPLETS of Argentina are rarely photographed together because they go to five different boarding schools and are brought together only on special occasions. Last week, the world's only known living quintuplets came home and celebrated their twelfth birthday, posed in the garden of their father's Buenos Aires

mansion (left to right: Carlos Alberto, María Esther, María Fernanda, María Cristina, Franco). Father Franco Diligenti, an Italian-born millionaire (textiles, vegetable oil) tries to avoid the fanfare and exploitation that accompanied the childhood of the Dionnes; he keeps the quint separated so that they will grow up like other children.



Beautifully designed, *KitchenAid* under-counter models are available in glistening Stainless Steel, glowing Antique Copper, White or, by dealer arrangement, your choice of color. Free-standing portable or combination sink models are available in All-White Enamel.



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appear...and the separate motor and hot-air blower-fan dry everything to sparkling perfection. Gravity-drain, automatic pump-out and portable models are engineered for easiest service, lowest cost installation. For information, write Dept. K.T., *KitchenAid* Home Dishwasher Division, The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio. Canada: 175 George St., Toronto 2.

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the peacemaker while stalling for time to mend his power. Coming after his opponents had spent a week noisily rejecting his offer of a truce of the week before, charging trickery, his soft retort left them with their fists up and no one to fight.

Forgive & Forget? The Roman Catholic Church continued a cautious calculated policy of taking Perón's word at face value. A pastoral letter last week summed up the story of Peronista persecution of the church but added that these wrongs could be "forgiven and forgotten." Santiago Luis Cardinal Copello voiced disapproval of Catholics who demonstrated in the Plaza de Mayo; to prevent further demonstrations, touring Archbishop Joseph Rummel of New Orleans, who was scheduled to say Mass in Buenos Aires' Cathedral, stayed clear out of Argentina.

Over Catholic objections, the government started to rebuild two of the ancient churches burned out the night of June 16. The government repairs and the Catholic protests were explained by the same fact: stark and gutted, the churches were eloquent anti-government, pro-Catholic symbols.

CANADA

Death in the Snow

As thousands revelled in the gaiety of Calgary's annual stampede one night last week, three black hearses rolled across the city to a downtown funeral home. Past oblivious, whoopee-making crowds, the hearses bore the bodies of seven U.S. schoolboys, victims of the worst mountain-climbing accident in Canada's history.

The trip to tragedy began last month when 22 teen-agers left Philadelphia with Wilderness Camp, a summertime hike-and-climb outfit. Led by Oliver D. Dickerson, 29, a University of Pennsylvania instructor, and William Oeser, 29, a Baltimore schoolteacher, the Wilderness Campers (at \$270 a head) drove out West in a Ford station wagon and a made-over secondhand hearse, stopped in Montana's Glacier Park, then moved on to Banff, 85 miles west of Calgary, for high adventure in the Canadian Rockies.

Tough Terrain. Abiding by Banff National Park regulations, the group registered with authorities to climb Mount Rundle (9,675 ft.). When the boys and their leaders saw Mount Temple, 11,636 ft. high with its craggy, seamed and snow-capped summit towering above Moraine Lake, they decided to climb it. But this time they did not tell the park authorities of their plan—if they had, they probably would have been denied permission because of the dangerous snow conditions of summertime. They did not ask guidance on the route or conditions for scaling Temple's tough terrain. They were not properly dressed or equipped. The boys wore jeans or khakis, sport shirts, windbreakers. Instead of mountain boots, they wore sneakers, baseball shoes, track shoes. They had only one ice ax and only one inadequate lifeline.

With William Oeser to lead them, 16 of the boys started up the southwest face one morning at 11. In four hours they reached 8,500 ft., just above the snow line. Oeser, bothered by blistered feet, decided to go back down; five of the boys followed him. The remaining eleven wanted to go on, and Oeser raised no objection. Light-heartedly, they set out for the summit, 3,000 ft. above, planning to come down before nightfall.

The only boy with a smattering of experience (a few climbs in the Swiss Alps), Tony Woodfield, 16, of Rye, N.Y., led the others to the 10,000-ft. level, but at that point he noticed a couple of small avalanches break off to one side. After talking it over, the boys decided to start



ASSOCIATED PRESS
SURVIVORS SMITH & WOODFIELD
A fatal whisper.

back down. Suddenly apprehensive, they slipknotted themselves onto a length of quarter-inch Manila line. It was another error—mountaineers never use slipknots, lest the ropes tighten around their midriffs.

"I Heard Willie Yelling." It was too late. As the climbers negotiated an ice-filled "funnel," the snow mass whispered 700 ft. above them. Tony Woodfield glanced up and saw a mass of powdery snow break downward. "I yelled 'Avalanche!' and dug my ax into the ice and hung on." The avalanche thundered down. The rope tying Woodfield to the others tightened painfully, then broke, leaving him safe while his friends were swept 1,000 ft. down the mountain. Peter Smith, 13, of Paoli, Pa., managed to leap to one side, and was saved. "When it passed, I unwound the rope, which had slid around my neck, almost choking me. I heard Willie him yelling for help, and went over to him. There wasn't much I could do."

An 18-man rescue party from Lake

Louise struggled up Mount Temple, worked all night to find the nine victims. Only Townsend Balis had been killed instantly; four had died slowly of exposure. Two were found dead in a snowbank. Two others, still alive, were brought safely down the mountain. Said Dr. P. G. Costigan, park medical officer: "If the boys had even been dressed in suitably warm clothing, probably most of them could have come out all right."

BRAZIL

Pen Pals

Convict José Simão, serving a 15-year sentence for murder and robbery, sized up his new cell mate as an ideal companion. Like José, white-haired Abdias Soares da Silva was a habitual criminal with a long police record and a vast fund of anecdotes about his scrapes with the law. Besides, both men came from the same Pernambuco home town. In no time at all murderer and thief were swapping yarns, telling jokes, helping each other pass the dreary days in the Pernambuco state pen.

One day Abdias told José about a night in 1949. Abdias had robbed a drunken sugar planter of 700 cruzeiros and was wisely trying to get out of the vicinity. On a muddy path through a sugar field, a stealthy figure had crept up behind Abdias, struck him over the head and robbed him. When he awoke the next day, caked with blood and mud, Abdias had crept away, not daring to report the assault because of his own crime.

Something about his cell mate's tale clicked in José's memory, and he brooded over it. He asked Abdias to repeat the dates and places. A fortnight ago, as the two men basked in the prison courtyard sun, José blurted out: "Abdias, do you still hate the man who clubbed you?" Abdias replied philosophically: "No, those are the risks of our trade." With a sigh José unburdened himself: "Abdias, my friend, forgive me. I was on the other end of that club. You are supposed to be dead, and I am serving time for your murder."

When Abdias' shock wore off, "murderer" and victim embraced, swore everlasting friendship, went arm in arm to see the warden. José told the astounded official what had happened, explained that a band of sugar workers had found him rifling the pockets of his unconscious victim and presumed Abdias dead. Turned over to local police and shunted from one backwoods station house to another, José, too, had thought the man dead, and had finally been convicted on the testimony of the sugar workers and his own confession despite the absence of a corpse. "This is highly irregular," murmured the warden, but he sent off the records to Recife for a judicial review of José's trial.

Last week the happy thieves, presuming that the wheels of justice will free José and Abdias will be able to reunite him when his sentence runs out, confidently made plans for future adventures in the wondrous backlands of Pernambuco, where even dead men tell tales.

Riddle: Which is harder to cut... Mahogany or costs?

(a real puzzler) BY MR. FRIENDLY



Answer: The Freiberg Mahogany Company of Cincinnati, Ohio and New Orleans, La. found a way to cut both!

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PEOPLE

Names made news. Last week these names made this news:

In Washington, the Defense Department announced that, having completed two correspondence courses in 1953 and successfully made his point quota, Vice President **Richard M. Nixon** had been promoted to the rank of commander in the Naval Reserve.

As a footnote to his other unsavory accomplishments, **Adolf Hitler** was revealed by Dr. Oron J. Hale, University of Virginia history professor and former U.S. Commissioner for Bavaria, to have been one of modern history's most accomplished tax dodgers. According to Hale, whose study in the *American Historical Review* is based on an analysis of Hitler's income-tax forms seized in Munich at war's end, Hitler owed the government some \$150,000 in 1934, after his first year as Reich Chancellor. In December 1934, without any formal legal action or the knowledge of the German public, Hitler was excused from his back taxes, after that enjoyed royalties on *Mein Kampf* and his salary as Chancellor tax free.

Mulling over writing his autobiography at his home in Remsenburg, N.Y., British Humorist **P. G. Wodehouse**, 73, revealed that he has not visited London since 1939 (he lived in France during World War II), has no intention of returning. Said he: "As Kipling said, 'You can't cross old trails.' England is fascinating, yes, but what breaks my heart is the old great houses being torn down. There's hardly a Jeeves left in the place."

In town to address the Imperial Potentate's Banquet at the annual Shrine Convention in Chicago, Shriner **Harry Truman**, 71, smilingly donned a fez with the jeweled insignia of his home Ararat Temple in Kansas City, Mo., declared himself



SHRINER TRUMAN
Fit as a fiddle.

Associated Press

"fit as a fiddle," rode for a time in the seven-hour-long Shriners' parade, then joined Governor William Stratton in the reviewing stand. Next day he paid a call on Adlai Stevenson, fresh from a hospital bed and a bout with bronchial pneumonia, agreed with him that "the best thing for the country is the Democratic Party."

At Ascot, in one day, Prince **Aly Khan** saw his father's filly *Princesse Retta* beaten in the Queen Mary Stakes, was kicked in the midriff and knocked flat by his own favorite filly, *Martine*, under the eyes of Queen Elizabeth, later saw *Martine* finish out of the money.

Hiding behind dark glasses and displaying her customary distaste for photographers, **Greta Garbo** arrived in Monte



TRAVELER GARBO
Shot in the dark.

Continued from page 1

Carlo, was photographed strolling the streets just before she boarded Greek Shipping Magnate **Aristotle Onassis'** yacht, which was bound for Saudi Arabia, with stops along the way at Capri and Venice.

Defense Secretary **Charles E. Wilson**, 65, confessed to reporters that he was nursing three or four cracked ribs which he had injured in a 35-m.p.h. spill while aquaplaning with Assistant Defense Secretary **W. J. McNeil** at Walloon Lake, Mich., on July 4. Recalling that he had broken his hip while ice skating and his shoulder while fox hunting, Wilson concluded ruefully: "I guess I'll have to act my age."

Jauntily sporting a multicolored, wide-brimmed straw hat, **Bernard M. Baruch** limped into the White House to chat with President Eisenhower and Secretary of



Associated Press

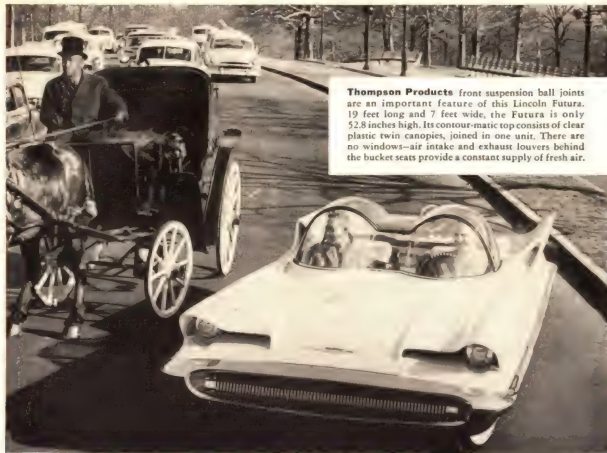
ADVISER BARUCH
Flipped on the hip.

State Dúles about the Big Four Geneva Conference, later refused to discuss the meeting with reporters but talked freely about his battered hip, which he said he had banged against the edge of his swimming pool at his South Carolina estate. How had it happened? "When you are 85," responded **Bernie Baruch** sagely, "don't try a back flip."

In Hollywood, oldtime Cinemactress **Marion Davies** revealed that she has bought the famed Desert Inn in Palm Springs, Calif. for \$2,000,000, expects to spend a lot more for renovations and expansions: "I plan to develop it into a miniature Rockefeller Center."

A linen campaign tent, sleeping shelter of General **George Washington** when he was in the field, was acquired for \$10,000 (part of it donated anonymously to the U.S.) by the National Park Service, which will pitch it in a historical park in Yorktown, Va. The sellers: four Virginia ladies, all heiresses of General **Robert E. Lee**. In the line of inheritance, the old tent went first to Washington's widow *Martha*, later to her grandson, *George Washington Parke Custis*, and from him to his daughter *Mary Anne Custis Lee*, wife of the great Confederate commander.

After three shows of his scheduled four-week, \$44,000 nightclub engagement at Las Vegas' plush Dunes Hotel, TV Comedian **Wally (Mr. Peepers) Cox** was fired on grounds that he had promised to supply an entirely new act but had come to Las Vegas with no preparation and with material five or six years old. The act had so much "nothing," according to Co-Owner **Al Gottlesman**, that "people walked out in the middle of it." When Cox turned up for a fourth show despite his dismissal, the management refused to let him go on, offered to buy up his contract for \$5,000. Holding out for his full \$44,000, Cox commented dejectedly: "I feel terrible . . . It was the same act that started me in television."



Thompson Products front suspension ball joints are an important feature of this Lincoln Futura. 19 feet long and 7 feet wide, the Futura is only 52.8 inches high. Its contour-matic top consists of clear plastic twin canopies, joined in one unit. There are no windows—air intake and exhaust louvers behind the bucket seats provide a constant supply of fresh air.

You'll find Thompson Products ball joints TODAY on Lincoln's "CAR OF TOMORROW"!

- Revolutionary styling and advanced mechanical design mark the \$250,000 "Futura"
- Ball joint front suspension permits "Dream Car" to hug road, steer easier and safer

LINCOLN's aptly-named "Futura" gives you an exciting peek into America's automotive future.

This quarter-million-dollar 330 HP beauty, a one-of-a-kind "laboratory on wheels", was launched to test radical drawing-board engineering theories on the road . . . also to test public reaction to its ultra-advanced styling.

But this astonishing new car is not built entirely of "laboratory" innovations. Incorporated in it are several advanced features that you may have now when you buy a new car. Among them are power-steering, power brakes and Thompson front suspension ball joints.

Three years ago the revolutionary Thompson-engineered front suspension ball joints made headlines as the first major improvement in front suspension in 20 years. It was found to

help cars hug the road and make steering easier and safer. Already, several of America's top passenger cars have adopted it.

The development and mass production of this revolutionary product is a typical example of Thompson's side-by-side cooperation with the automotive industry. For more than 50 years Thompson has been a leading original equipment and replacement parts manufacturer for the automotive and aircraft industries. Other industries, too, have grown to "count on Thompson" . . . agriculture, home appliances, metallurgy, electronics and many others. Thompson Products, Inc., General Offices, Cleveland 17, Ohio.



Thompson ball joints (as shown at left) permit both right-and-left steering on ball bearings and up-and-down motion on spherical bearing surfaces. This advanced front suspension principle not only makes steering safer and easier . . . it also allows valuable extra space for larger, more powerful engines; for more functional chassis design; for more dramatic body lines (as shown at right in the closeup of the Futura's front end.)

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Vaccine Dissent

After weeks of hesitation over whether to start a small test program with Salk polio vaccine and a few thousand volunteers, Britain's health authorities made up their minds last week. They canceled the whole thing as too dangerous. Said Dr. Graham Selby Wilson, director of the Public Health Laboratory Service: "I do not see how any vaccine prepared by [Dr. Jonas] Salk's method can be guaranteed to be safe."

Though Dr. Wilson slammed the door, he did not bolt it. "We are hoping," he went on, "to modify the Salk vaccine in such a way that the highly virulent strains of which it is composed [meaning especially the Mahoney strain] will be replaced by less virulent strains."



PSYCHOLOGIST GRANT & NAVY RETRAINING GROUP AT CAMP ELLIOTT
An I-4 can tell it to the Marines.

Psychology of Work

The high wire fences of Camp Elliott, Calif., take in 40 square miles of desert scrublands northeast of San Diego, and keep in 885 grey-uniformed men who have been sentenced for a set term in the U.S. Naval Retraining Command—the Navy's equivalent of a reformatory. Behavior problems one and all, the men have gone AWOL, committed thefts or sexual offenses, assaulted superiors or somehow violated one of the hundreds of "Rocks and Shoals" (Navy Regulations). In their state of military purgatory they run through a routine of work details, formations, exercise and orientation lectures. When their time is up (average: six months), about half go back to duty. For the others: dishonorable or other qualified discharge.

But this process, probably the most enlightened punishment in the long his-

tory of naval discipline, is wasteful: the Navy would like to make it all unnecessary by learning how to spot in advance the recruit who will go over the hill or sock the skipper. Also, since some bad apples will always get through, it would like to be able to look at each and decide whether the canker of bad conduct can be cut out so that the offender can safely be returned to duty.

Hub of the World. To this end, the Navy has established a squad of civilian psychologists at Camp Elliott, to work with selected inmates to find out what makes the problem sailor or marine break step. Head of the squad is James Douglas Grant, 37, a burly, six-foot Stanford graduate, with an infectious grin and a saddle-tanned bald head, who has three immediate aides but can draw on the

help of Camp Elliott's 400-man staff if he needs it. Grant's first problem was to find a yardstick for his research. "A man's intelligence quotient is of no value here," says Grant, "because intelligence isn't what helps a person in getting along with others. To measure ability to 'get along,' we hit on a social integration scale, I-1 to I-7.

"Most I-1s are in mental hospitals; an I-2 believes that he is the hub of the world, which exists to take care of him. An I-3 knows that something is expected of him, but hopes to find an angle or gimmick to get around it. I-4 knows better than this, but feels inadequate and doesn't know what to do with that part of himself that fails to come up to his ideal of a strong and capable man. I-5 knows that he has a strong side, a protective side and a side that can weep. Most of us are either I-5s or else I-4s struggling to become I-5s. An I-6 would

be no problem here, and I-7, the perfect man, doesn't exist."

Plenty of Rope. Grant is first to admit that no two men are alike, even in "I-ness." But the studies to date show that an I-2 or I-3 is likely to get into trouble: "He is relatively immature. And he's imperturbable. He doesn't care what others think of him, and before long the others lock him up. He doesn't care even then. An I-4 in civilian life doesn't have too much trouble. He gets sore at the boss, sneers at him and quits, and is all right again. But you can't do that in the Navy or the Marines."

Grant forms volunteer retrainees into close-knit groups of 20 men who spend all their waking and sleeping hours with the same group. Says Grant: "Group living puts pressure on them. Now each is living with 19 others who have the same outlook. His opportunities to blame someone else are minimized. You give him rope, finally make him aware that he's hanging himself." The one essential that all Elliott inmates have in common is their tendency to act out antisocial behavior which most people express in words, or repress within themselves. "Acting-out" problem cases have been regarded as almost hopeless, but Grant believes he has found a way to treat them; keep the subject concerned about and facing his problems. In bull sessions, with a Marine sergeant in charge, all members of the group are encouraged to talk out their problems. Even their juvenile bragging is often highly informative.

Room for Hope. More revealing are the psychological interviews. Private L. of the Marine Corps was in for having struck two NCOs, one of them simply because he did not feel like putting a rifle together as ordered. His admission: "I can't live with a lot of people. They disgust me and I just feel like taking off." Private L.'s only goal seemed to be solitude; he had no dates, and even drank to "sit by myself and just drink and think." An I-2 tagged as "emotionally immature, aggressive," Private L. fully expected that he would get into trouble again when he returned to duty. Grant agreed.

Radioman M. was different. He had committed aggravated assault, under the influence of so much alcohol that he could not remember his offense, and therefore could not feel guilty about it. Explained Psychologist Grant's assistant, Virginia Ives: "The alcoholism was only a symptom. M. had an idealistic, religious mother and an alcoholic, atheistic father. In a typical I-4 conflict, M. saw himself wavering between wanting to be like his mother and like his father. In a group therapy session he saw others struggling with similar problems of ideals and behavior. He gained considerable insight into his own conflict and was able to see that, while he had derived something from both his father and his mother, his own identity must be separate from either. He was moving toward an I-5's tolerance of ambivalence."

Nobody could yet say whether M.'s change was permanent, but his chances

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From 11 back to 6 is a long time, but Patricia might like to know that the career she has in mind goes back beyond that.

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Cont. 1945, United States Times

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Newest Note in Hardtops — 4 Doors and Dynaflo[®] Dash



IN six years, there hasn't been such buzzing excitement about a particular type of car as there is about the one pictured here.

It's the new kind of hardtop that people are taking to like bees to honey.

It's the 4-Door Riviera — and it bids fair to outstrip the tremendous appeal of the first 2-door hardtop that Buick originated six years ago — and which, to this very day, has outsold all other hardtops, bar none.

You can easily see why the 4-Door Riviera is winning such a rousing reception all across the land.

It's that long-awaited combination of a true hardtop with all the comfort, convenience and extra room of a full-size 4-door sedan.

With windows down, you have a completely unbroken sweep of vision to left or right — no center doorposts to mar the view.

And rear-seat passengers enter or leave through their own separate doors — without disturbing anyone in the front seat.

It's a brand-new concept in body design — built to wholly new structural principles — and sparked for thrills by a brand-new kind of performance.

For this is the world's only 4-door hardtop with the spine-tingling action of Variable Pitch Dynaflo . . .

Here you switch the pitch — as a pilot does — for bettered gas mileage in normal driving and cruising — or for

instant getaway response and safety-surge acceleration when you need full power go-ahead split-second quick.

So here you have the last word in body design and the last word in automatic transmissions — both in a brawny automobile that's all Buick, even to the high-voltage dazzle of new record-high V-8 horsepowers.

Visit your Buick dealer this week for a sampling of the newest excitement in cars — and a look at the eye-opening prices he's quoting.

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Variable Pitch Dynaflo is the only Dynaflo Buick build today. It is standard on Roadmaster; optional at modest extra cost on other Series.

2000 lbs. max. load capacity. Always use proper tie-down technique. See your dealer for details.

Thrill of the year is Buick



U.A.W.'s ANDREWS & DIAGNOSTICIAN
No twinges in the pocketbook.

looked good. In his first five months back on duty, he conscientiously followed instructions and sent two reports on his activities back to Elliott.

Big Turnaround. In about nine years the Navy has tried to retrain 48,000 problem personnel, succeeded in restoring 14,000 to duty—enough to man four big aircraft carriers. Last week the Elliott psychology project was being studied at the Navy's two other retraining commands, Portsmouth, N.H. and Norfolk, Va., to see whether this rate can be bettered.

Psychologist Grant and co-workers are not ready to claim great successes. But they have found a booster in an unexpected quarter. Confessed a veteran Marine sergeant assigned to Camp Elliott guard duty: "This program is a big turnaround for us. We used to treat 'em rough in the brig so they wouldn't come back. When we came here, we felt we didn't give a damn about these people and never could. But we're all changing. I know my attitude has changed."

A Look Ahead

Two-thirds of all U.S. citizens are covered by some kind of hospital or health insurance, but nearly all have to wait until they are actually ill before they can benefit. They cannot use their insurance plans for diagnosis,* so they

* Blue Cross (hospital) plans provide no funds for diagnosis until the subscriber has been admitted to a hospital, which means that a doctor must have certified him as already ill; Blue Shield (doctors' bills) plans vary widely, but many make partial or no payment for X rays, blood chemistry tests, pregnancy tests. Attempts to get around these provisions have resulted in abuse of the plans and forced their rates up.

rarely go to a doctor at the first twinge, when tracking down the trouble would do the most good. Instead, they suffer this and many later twinges rather than pay for laboratory tests.

Last week Casimir Andrews, 40, walked briskly from a red jeep station wagon into a modernistic new building in downtown Toledo: the Diagnostic Clinic of the Willys Unit, Local 12, United Auto Workers. So far as Andrews knew, there was nothing wrong with him. That was the point. He was going in for a thorough physical checkup, an exhaustive 1½-hour going over by doctors, with half a dozen or more lab tests to follow. At going rates for Toledo doctors and medical labs, this would cost anywhere from \$150 to \$200. Shop Steward Andrews, and the 5,000 other Willys production workers scheduled to follow him, will pay nothing directly. Their examinations will be financed, like the clinic's \$500,000 physical plant, out of fringe benefits won from Willys Motors Inc. by U.A.W.

After the first, base-line physical, the workers will be entitled to any and all diagnostic services at one-fifth of cost. The other four-fifths will be paid by the clinic welfare fund. Workers' families, though not entitled to the free physical, will be eligible for the 80% discount on diagnoses. Because some charges will always be levied, doctors are satisfied that the setup will not be abused. Like the company and the union, they believe that in the long run it will save doctors' bills, discourage malingering and actually prevent sickness.

Capsules

¶ When a blood clot in a coronary artery causes a heart attack, one result may be an aneurysm—something like a big blister—bulging from the heart muscle. Drs. William Likoff and Charles P. Bailey of Philadelphia's Hahnemann Hospital report what is believed to be the first successful operation to remove one. A man of 56, formerly bedridden, has been able to climb stairs without distress since the operation 15 months ago.

¶ The U.S.'s first atomic energy reactor specifically designed for medical treatment and research is to be built for the University of California at Los Angeles. Its heart will be a foot-thick sphere of stainless steel containing uranyl sulfate enriched with uranium 235. Operating normally at 5 kw., the reactor will "burn" one ounce of fuel in 20 years, will provide gamma rays and neutrons for treating cancer patients as well as radiation for other research.

¶ Instead of rating rheumatic heart disease as an automatic reason for terminating pregnancy, doctors should consider operating to widen the scarred mitral valve in the heart, four Philadelphia researchers suggest in the A.M.A. Journal. Of eleven women who have undergone the operation, nine have already had normal deliveries. Pregnancy may actually be helpful after the operation, say the Philadelphians, because the altered hormone balance protects the heart.

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EDUCATION

The Plight of Suburbia

To hundreds of parents in Glenview, Ill., a growing (pop. 10,000) suburb of Chicago, the letter from the new Citizens School Committee was not exactly a surprise, but it was alarming all the same. "There is a crisis in the Glenview schools," wrote the committee. "It is not something that is going to happen. It is here now." Unless the town took action, the schools would go on double shifts, and many children might not be able to get into a nearby school at all. "And this," said the committee, "is only the beginning."

Glenview was not alone in its crisis last week. Every town around Chicago, like scores of expanding suburbs across the U.S., was suffering from the plague of too

private houses, and those in Markham have taken over three half-basements.

In Oak Lawn, one school is so crowded that it has even considered a triple shift, with first-graders coming from 5 to 9 in the evening. Though Northbrook has managed to build one new ten-room school, it does not have enough money left over to equip or furnish it. Last year Palatine found itself in an even more embarrassing position: without enough money to pay its teachers, it had to resort to a sort of scrip that had not been used since the great Depression of the '30s.

Back to the Builder. One reason for all the poverty is that without industrial plants and offices, most suburbs cannot begin to collect enough property taxes. Officials estimate that behind each pupil

builders to contribute \$250 to \$300 for every new home (which will, of course, actually be added to the price of the house). In Palatine, one builder has put up a 30-room schoolhouse to take care of the residents of his new development, and another has agreed to make a \$300 contribution for every new home. Elsewhere, however, the builders have balked. Says F. W. Bills of the Chicago Metropolitan Home Builders Association: "If it was up to me, I wouldn't pay a dime."

Last week Glenview found one bright spot in the gloomy picture. Of the 766 replies it received from its crisis letter, 92% of the writers favored a builders' assessment for each new home, and 68% said they approved the Citizens School Committee's plan to set up an "information" program to use sound trucks and signs to warn new home buyers away. All in all, the committee's argument for such drastic action was nothing if not logical: "People take schools for granted. You can't do that these days. The Chamber of Commerce says we are running down Glenview property with our campaign. Well, poor schools will deteriorate property a lot more than temporary signs."

Opportunity for Stephen

When Father Trevor Huddleston, head of St. Peter's Anglican Mission in Johannesburg, first heard the news, he knew that, for one of his students it meant the opportunity of a lifetime. As a result of a visit that Author Alan (Cry, the Beloved Country) Paton had made while in the U.S., Kent School in Connecticut was offering for the first time a scholarship to a South African boy, and Father Huddleston found just the lad to take it. Last April he began to make the arrangements to send a 16-year-old Negro named Stephen Ramasodi off on his great adventure.

The son of a school principal, Stephen was qualified in every way. He is not only the brightest boy in his class; he is also a whiz in science and hopes some day to be a doctor. But all this apparently meant little to the South African government. The police first refused to give Stephen the usual "certificate of character" that most travelers carry. Then, in addition to the usual questioning that all Negro passport applicants must undergo, detectives subjected Stephen to an additional grilling on every topic, from why he wanted to go to the U.S. to what he thought was wrong with education at home. In spite of such obstacles, Father Huddleston and Stephen went ahead with their passport application. They posted the necessary £100 bond, then sat back and waited.

By mid-May, the passport had still not come. But every time Huddleston wrote or phoned the Ministry of the Interior, he merely got the stock answer that the matter was under consideration. Huddleston wired to a member of Parliament, and was promised an "investigation." He appealed to the Anglican Bishop of Pretoria, eventually got back from the Ministry the answer: "The matter is receiving attention." Finally he sent off one more telegram, and this time he received a letter



Arthur Shay

OVERCROWDING IN NORTH PALOS PARK CLASSROOM
Let home-buyers beware.

many new houses and too few schools. In the Northfield, Ill. township (which includes Glenview), the overcrowding had become so acute that the board of education put up signs as a warning to home-buyers: "School crisis. Our schools are filled. No money to build new schools. School taxes at maximum allowed." The fact is, says one superintendent, "that if something doesn't happen soon, we're going to have to start closing up."

Double or Nothing. In the suburbs of Cook County, the elementary school population has doubled to 132,000 in the last decade, and 6,000 pupils now attend school only half a day. The North Palos Park school must use its gym as a classroom, has had to cut out kindergarten to make room for first-graders, and in spite of the fact that many classes have topped the 40-pupil mark, the school is on double shift. Palatine's pupils have overflowed into St. Paul Evangelical and Reformed Church, those in Park Forest are using

there should be taxable property assessed at at least \$20,000, but in some of the towns in suburban Cook County, the assessment per student runs as low as \$6,000 to \$12,000. Furthermore, many houses do not even get on the tax rolls until years after they are built: a recent survey in Palatine revealed that residents owned some \$2,500,000 in built-up property that had never been taxed. But even if the assessors were working at maximum efficiency, the school districts would still be in trouble. About 25% of them have reached the legal tax-rate limit, and almost a third of them have issued all the bonds the law allows.

Though some relief may come from the legislature next year, this will only begin to solve the problem. Many towns are therefore going after the man who has benefited most from the boom: the builder. Though they are not sure whether it is legal or not, Park Ridge and Markham have both passed ordinances requiring

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Doubled Volume

Wadsworth Homes, Inc., was founded in 1946. Since then, volume of business has doubled, company grosses \$4 million annually. "Much of the credit for this increase goes to our planes," says president Wadsworth, who points out that the Cessnas provide frequent trips to housing projects, help company executives keep things running smoothly. Wadsworth customers—the company works with contractors in 247 cities—appreciate the attention they get, know they can count on Wadsworth people for on-the-job help.

The company's "air fleet" is responsible for the recent expansion. Bruce Wadsworth supervises a newly opened subsidiary in Casper, Wyoming, commutes between there and Kansas City headquarters. "Our planes have opened new horizons," says Bruce. "In addition to our Western expansion, plans are in the works for extending our operations into the South and Southwest. We feel that the airplanes will make our business less seasonal, help us grow in all directions." His wife is sold on the company planes. "We're able to be together more often now that Bruce is flying around the territory."

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from the Native Affairs Minister's private secretary accusing him of "crude methods." By last week it seemed obvious that the South African government wanted Stephen to stay at home. As the Minister's secretary had explained to Father Huddleston: "When such crude methods [as yours] are adopted, suspicion is raised that one may be dealing with agitators, and that most careful scrutiny of the application may be more than justified."

Report Card

¶ The Oklahoma Association of Negro Teachers reported that some of its members may have to pay a heavy price for desegregation. Since the state started integrating its schools, 68 out of 1,600 Negro teachers have already found themselves without jobs, and the association estimates that the number may reach 300. Reason: though white schools will take in Negro pupils, they will not always have room for those pupils' former teachers.

¶ Georgia made its usual desperate noises. First, the State Board of Education voted to revoke "forever" the licenses of any teacher, Negro or white, who "supports, encourages, condones or agrees to teach mixed grades." Thereupon, State Attorney General Eugene Cook popped a suggestion of his own: he demanded that the new ruling apply to any teacher who joins or even contributes to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

¶ Taking up one of the five original cases that led the U.S. Supreme Court to make its decision against school segregation, a federal circuit court in Columbia, S.C. forbade the trustees of the Summerton school district to bar any pupil from any school because of his race, ordered them to proceed "with all deliberate speed" to end discrimination in the schools.

¶ Deputy Mayor Henry Epstein of New York City tossed a group of local educators two questions for which no one seemed to have any answers. "How is it," he asked, "that the same youngsters who flunk shop courses are able to 'soup up' old jalopies with hand-tooled carburetors? And why are boys failures at making book ends but successes in crafting zip guns out of scrap?"

¶ As a parting pat on the back for retiring President Henry Wriston of Brown University (TIME, April 11), John D. Rockefeller Jr., '97, announced that he was supplementing his June gift of \$1,000,000 to the university with \$4,000,000 more—the largest single gift Brown has ever received. Commented well-contented Henry Wriston: "A gift of these dimensions, completely unrestricted as it is... is evidence that the days of significant philanthropy are not over."

¶ Appointment of the week: Edward H. Litchfield, 41, dean of Cornell's School of Business and Public Administration, to succeed Rufus H. Fitzgerald as twelfth chancellor of the big (16,000 students) University of Pittsburgh. The new chancellor's main job: to put through a ten-year development program that may cost as much as \$100 million.

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Skeletons in the City Room

When CBS Commentator Winston Burdett bared his past as a Communist spy to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee (TIME, July 11), he named ten other newsmen as members of the pre-World War II Communist Party cell at the now defunct Brooklyn *Eagle*. Of the first five to be called as witnesses, only New York *Times* man Charles Grutzner came clean. Last week the others accused by Burdett had their chance.

First witness was David A. Gordon, a balding, sad-faced reporter who went to the strongly anti-Communist New York *Daily News* six years ago. On the day that Burdett named him, Gordon scoffed (as reported in the *News*): "Preposterous. . . I don't know how in the world he mentioned me."

Under oath last week, Reporter Gordon changed his tune. When Committee Counsel Jay Sourwine asked if he had been one of the *Eagle's* Communists, Gordon quickly replied: "I am not a Communist and have not been in any way for the past twelve years." Had he ever been a Communist? Gordon balked at answering, claimed his right under the Fifth Amendment to refuse to testify against himself. When Sourwine tried to find out if he knew any Communists in the *Eagle* cell, Gordon again and again refused to answer. All told, he took refuge behind the Fifth Amendment 20 times.

For a full day the *News* was uncharacteristically silent on what it would do with Reporter Gordon. Then it fired him.

Principle Is Unacceptable. Next man to take the witness chair was Melvin L. Barnet, New York *Times* copyreader since 1953, who had also been named by CBSman Burdett. Had he been a Communist while employed at the *Eagle* 14 years ago? Barnet said that "Since February or March of 1942, sir, I have not been a Communist." But he refused to testify about membership before that date, or answer any questions about other Communists at the *Eagle*.

Before he took the stand, Barnet had discussed his case with *Times* executives, told them he would plead the Fifth Amendment on some questions "as a matter of principle." But the *Times* plainly wanted him to make a clean breast of everything, warned him that refusing to testify about his Communist ties would be "unacceptable." Hardly had he left the stand when *Times* Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, moving more speedily than *Daily News* bigwigs, notified Committee Chairman James Eastland that Barnet had been fired. To Copyreader Barnet, Sulzberger wrote: "The course of conduct which you have followed . . . has caused the *Times* to lose confidence in you."

The Disillusioned. From Gordon and Barnet the committee turned to a more cooperative witness, Charles S. Lewis, now news director of WCAX radio and TV stations in Burlington, Vt. Lewis freely



COPYREADER BARNET
"Unacceptable."

admitted that he had been a Communist for "several" months in 1937, said he joined while at the *Eagle* after Newspaper Guild organizers convinced him that "as an active member of the Guild, I should be a member of the Communist Party, which . . . was making the actual decisions in the Guild." He broke with the party during a 1937 strike at the *Eagle*, he said, because he was asked to take part in beating up a nonstriking fellow worker. His secret party record dogged him for 15 years, and three years ago he resigned as boss of the Government radio station in Germany, RIAS, rather than face a loyal-



REPORTER GORDON
"Preposterous."

ty check. Said Lewis: "I'd been living with this dark secret and I was still trying not to divulge that secret . . . I was scared. . ."

Next day the Senate committee called another *Times* man, Ira Henry Freeman, a reporter for 25 years. Freeman told how in 1938 he and his wife (once a reporter herself) were persuaded by Milton Kaufman, then executive vice president of the American Newspaper Guild, that the Communist Party was the "leading influence" in the Guild. But at his first meeting of the New York *Times* unit of the Communist Party, he was shocked to find himself the only member of the editorial department, although there were half a dozen other *Times* employees there. A year later Freeman broke with the Communists, because party-line discussions proved "dull and fruitless," and activities "inept and futile." After his full and frank testimony, the *Times* kept Freeman on.

Unfriendly Rivalry. One of the final witnesses to come before the Security committee was the New York *Herald Tribune's* Military and Aviation Editor Ansel Talbert. He was called to testify on whether *Times* man Grutzner had helped the enemy by prematurely writing a story about the first F-86 Sabre jets in action in Korea five years ago. Talbert told how he, Grutzner and other reporters had been told of the Sabre jets' first victory over the MIGs in North Korea, but had been directed by the Fifth Air Force not to release the news. Talbert said that all reporters present agreed to hold the story (Grutzner testified earlier that he, the A.P., and the U.P. agreed to use it).

But Grutzner sent his Sabre jet story on for clearance by Washington and the *Times* printed it, after A.F. Chief Hoyt Vandenberg gave his O.K. Talbert argued that security was violated when Grutzner put the story on commercial wires out of Seoul, i.e., they were thought to be tapped. Talbert quoted General George Stratemeyer as calling Grutzner's story "one of the greatest security breaches of the war."

Soon the committee found that it was probing not security but a squabble between newsmen. Talbert had been scooped on the story, and after five years it still rankled. In the middle of the argument, Glenn Stackhouse, U.P.'s San Francisco bureau chief, wired the *Times* that Talbert's charges were "ridiculous." Said Stackhouse: He "grudgingly admired" the *Times* for prying the story out of the Pentagon while the opposition was sitting on its hands. Since the Communists already knew about the Sabre jets from dogfighting with them, he said, "whole security thing so much hogwash."

At week-end Senator Eastland recessed his hearings, with words of praise for the "cooperation" of the newsmen. The New York Newspaper Guild then got into the act, announced that it will fight for the reinstatement of Gordon and Barnet. The Guild will go along with newspapers that fire staffers who are—or have been—Communists within six months of being questioned by a legislative commit-

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tee. But it contended that the *Times* and *News* could not, under their contracts with the Guild, discharge staffers for pleading the Fifth Amendment, thus "exercising a constitutional right."

Fight in Mount Dora

In nearly nine years as editor of the Mount Dora (Fla.) weekly *Topic*, Mabel Norris Reese has drawn blood from the Ku Klux Klan and race-baiting Bryant Bowles, and earned herself a clutch of journalism awards and scores of enemies. Although the K.K.K. burned a cross on her lawn and poisoned her dog, Editor Reese was not intimidated. She continued to play stories on the five children of Orange Picker Allan Platt (*TIME*, Dec. 13, 1954) who were ousted from a white school in Mount Dora on the ground that they were Negroes, although they claimed to be of Irish-Indian descent.* Last week Editor Reese was facing a new kind of challenge. An opposition weekly, the Mount Dora *Herald*, had been started with the encouragement of residents who find the *Topic* too true to be good. Its owner, Thomas P. Dwyer, onetime Chicago Hearst reporter who has been Midwest sales and advertising director for the Conover-Mast trade publications.

The *Herald* defends "the South's deeply grooved traditions," last week headlined its lead editorial: COMMUNIST INFLUENCE OBVIOUS IN SUPREME COURT SEGREGATION DECISIONS. (The *Topic* has urged a moderate approach to the problems of integration.) Merchants crammed the first twelve-page issue of the *Herald* with advertising.

Editor Reese reported losing no advertisers and only one subscriber, said her fellow citizens are "too intelligent" to support "a spite sheet." But the fight will be bitter. Says *Herald* Managing Editor Julia G. Swart: "We hope to be the only paper here. The town is not big enough to support two papers."

Black Ink at Collier's

As the new boss of Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Paul Smith set as his first goal the job of getting into the black. Last week, after 18 months on the job, he reached it. For the first time in nearly three years, Crowell-Collier (*Collier's*, *American Magazine*, *Woman's Home Companion*) showed a profit: \$700,000 for the first half of 1955, v. a loss of \$1,734,510 for 1954's first half. In this year's second quarter even *Collier's*, the company's biggest money-loser, brought in a profit.

Once a profit was in sight, Crowell-Collier President Smith set to work to bring in badly needed new capital. He laid his financial problem before Manhattan Broker Edward L. Elliott, who found him a group of 26 big investors, including Chicago Financier J. Patrick Lannan (see *Business*). The Elliott group agreed to buy \$3,000,000 worth of new Crowell-Collier debentures, convertible to 600,000

shares. The Lake County school board will probably try to prove in Circuit Court that the Platts are legally, i.e., at least one-eighth, Negro.



Walter Doran

PRESIDENT SMITH

The first 18 months were the hardest.

common stock shares (at \$5 a share). It also took an option to buy half the 400,000 shares (26% of outstanding stock) held by the late Joseph Knapp's Publication Corp. and voted by Crowell-Collier Chairman Clarence Stouch. The new group wanted to clip Stouch's power, make Smith top man.

By boosting authorized stock from 1,700,000 shares to 3,000,000 (to cover the convertible debentures) and buying up 200,000 shares of the Publication Corp. stock, the Elliott group can dilute Publication Corp.'s share in Crowell-Collier to as low as 6.5%, thus end its working control. If all goes well at a special stockholders' meeting next week, most of Crowell-Collier's old 17-man board will resign, to be replaced by a streamlined, nine-man board which will be controlled by the Elliott group. Smith left no question about who will then run Crowell-Collier: he has already been named "chief executive officer."

Trouble at the Farm

Into the orderly merger between *Farm Journal*, No. 1 U.S. farm magazine, and *Country Gentleman*, No. 2 (*TIME*, June 20), the Federal Trade Commission last week dropped a monkey wrench. In a complaint filed under the Clayton Antitrust Act, FTC charged that the merger would give *Farm Journal-Country Gentleman* "approximately 51% of the total net paid circulation among the six largest competitors in the farm magazine field"—though only 24% of total farm magazine circulation—thus "lessen competition" and "tend to create a monopoly." The news surprised *Farm Journal* President Richard Babcock, who said that the FTC made a routine investigation but gave no indication that anything was wrong. The merger will go ahead, said Babcock: "We are confident . . . that we have not violated the Clayton Act."



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SALT RIVER FARM GIRL



TUCSON WRANGLER

PHOENIX LETTUCE PICKER

THE AMERICAN DESERT, 1955

A new way of life in the U.S.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY JOERN GERDTS



BORON PRINCIPAL



PICACHO DRIVER



PALMDALE REALTOR



MOJAVE TEACHER

TO the ordinary air traveler winging across the U.S. Southwest, the great American desert still seems an arid and forbidding waste of sand, dry lake beds and jagged rock mountains. But to the observant, a careful look reveals surprising signs of a new civilization rising among the ocotillos and greasewood. Thin asphalt ribbons stretch across the sand, linking black and white dots of clustered homes, blue bands of irrigation canals and rectangles of bright green new farms. From California's southern coastal ranges inland 375 miles to the central Arizona cities of Phoenix and Tucson, the searing desert, long a shunned part of the U.S.'s land surface, is filling up. Today, thousands of pioneers are moving in, claiming a brand-new empire in which to build new homes, farms, businesses and a whole new way of life.

To the ill-equipped and the unwary, the desert can still be a savage and treacherous foe. But to the man who comes to the desert with caution and respect, the forbidding area has much to offer: fabulous mineral riches, water so pure that it tastes like distilled water, incredibly fertile farmland and a growing season 365 days long. Above all, the desert offers the restless migrants from city stress a combination of peace, solitude and a fresh start on a new frontier. "There are three ways of life now," says Indio (Calif.) Publisher Ole Nordland. "The city, the farm and the desert."

Mass Migration. Ever since the Spaniards first explored the region in the 16th century, man has been able to promote a cautious friendship with the great deserts of the Southwest. Springs and river water from the Colorado, Mojave,* Verde, Salt and Gila gave rise to settlements and small farming districts. Deep wells supported a slowly growing

population, clustered along well-traveled desert highways in a few centers—Tucson, Phoenix, Las Vegas, Barstow. In the mountains, miners hammered away at sun-baked mineral vaults, and on the sandy desert floor men learned to irrigate and raise truck crops, cotton, dates and citrus trees.

But within the past 15 years, so casually that the nation at large was scarcely aware of the change, man discovered how to live comfortably almost anywhere he chose on the desert. From the old centers, suburbs began mushrooming out through the mesquite and yuccas. Long fingers of civilization stretched along brand-new desert highways, reaching toward new cities that sprang up among the saguaros and Joshua trees.

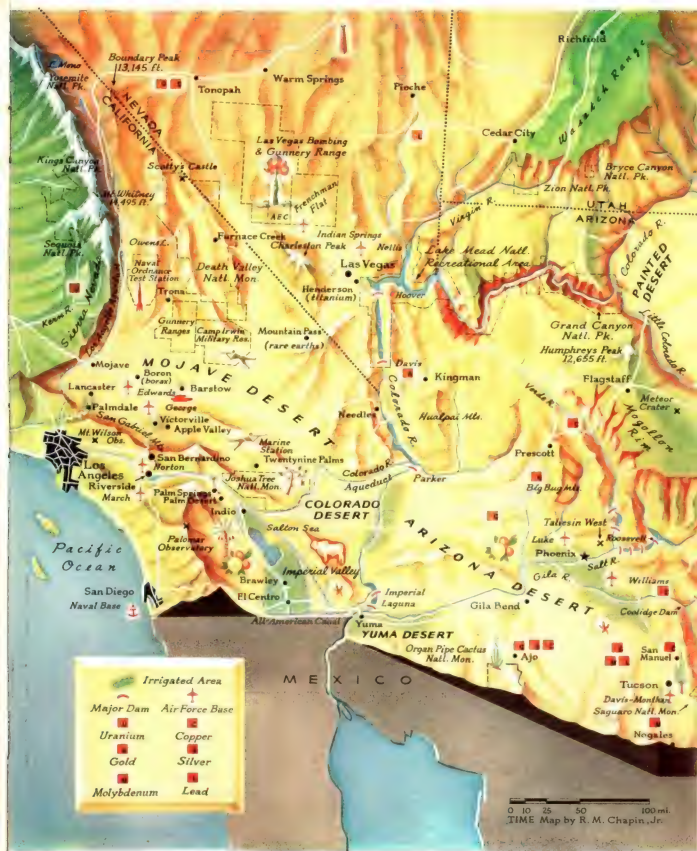
Behind the push was one of the greatest migrations the world has ever known. Since 1940, more than 5,000,000 newcomers have moved into the Far West; 200,000 are still arriving in California each year. They flow into Los Angeles and the main cities of the Southwest and, in search of more space and freer living, push on through the populated centers and out over the desert.

Tucson is adding 1,000 to its population each month, Phoenix even more. Las Vegas' Clark County claims 80,000 permanent newcomers since 1940; Yuma, Ariz. more than 20,000. On California's Mojave Desert, population has soared 360% (from 32,000 to 147,000); one of its new cities, Ridgecrest, not even an entity in 1940, already counts 6,700 residents and is steadily climbing. The fertile Coachella Valley, north of California's Salton Sea, has doubled in population (from 16,000 to 32,000) since 1950, and Henderson, incorporated in 1953 twelve miles out in the desert from Las Vegas, has become Nevada's third largest city (after Las Vegas and Reno), with a population of 11,500.

Water by Phone. The changing face of the desert reflects the great migration. New cement plants have sprung up in the Mojave's Ivanpah, Oro Grande and Tehachapi. There are a new steam plant and expanded manganese mine near Las Vegas, Molybdenum Corp. of America's new 50-million-ton "rare earth" mine at Mountain Pass, Calif., a \$28 million Hughes guided-missile plant and a Douglas Aircraft experimentation plant at Tucson, new aviation, electronics and "smokeless industry" plants at Phoenix, and a brand-new,

(continued after color pages)

* One of the world's strangest streams, the Mojave (pronounced Mokavee) is born in the snow melt of the San Bernardino, disappears underground, here and there marking its strange northward course by popping unaccountably above the surface of the sand. At one place, east of Victorville, Calif., it forms a subterranean reservoir as big as Ta-hoe, the state's largest lake.





CITY OF TUCSON (pop. 185,000), lying between Santa Catalina range (*background*) and

desert of ocotillos and long-fingered saguaros, is home of aircraft and guided-missile plants.



BULLDOZED ROADS, looking like circles of bombing target from the air, show where new

real-estate development will rise in push of population across California's Mojave Desert.





RANCH HOME of Aircraft Executive Glenn Odekirk, in Apple Valley,

Calif., includes plane for commuting 40 miles over mountains to work.



SUNBONNET ROOF, for comfortable desert living, was designed by Architect

Frank Lloyd Wright to protect this Phoenix house from glare and heat.



NEW HOUSING goes up at Lancaster, Calif., where desert air-base personnel and refugees from Los Angeles smog and traffic have jumped population from 3,500 to 17,000 since 1950.



RECLAIMED DESERT in Phoenix's Salt River Valley thrives with alfalfa, cotton, citrus groves, truck crops and commercial flower beds (*left*). Irrigation water is carried so miles by canals from reservoir behind Roosevelt Dam.

MILITARY DEPOT for U.S. Marine Corps is maintained at Barstow in Mojave's hot, dry climate, without fear of rust to stored landing craft, vehicles, engineer equipment and tanks.





LETTUCE HARVEST in California's Imperial Valley is gathered by contract workers from Mexico. Rich, irrigated area of

650,000 acres produces up to 335 carloads of lettuce a day in winter, also ships grains, cattle, truck crops to rest of U.S.



MILLS AND SMELTER (*foreground*) will work U.S.'s biggest (500 million tons) new copper find at San Manuel mushroom city of 3,500 homes rising in Arizona desert



PACIFIC COAST BORAX PLANT supplies glass, enamel, soap and chemical industries from Mojave Desert mine, largest such producer in the world.





RARE-EARTH MINE, in mountains near California-Nevada border, marks new find

of scarce metals (cerium, lanthanum, neodymium) for steel and optical industries.



BIG SPRINKLERS spray Glauber salts (used for paper, glass, pharmaceuticals and stock feed) at American Potash works near Death Valley. Salts are pumped from wells, collected later from terraces.



IMPERIAL DAM, between California and Arizona (*rear*), diverts water from Colorado River (*upper left to center right*) through desilting basins, where sediment is removed, and into the All-American Canal (*lower left*) to irrigate the Imperial and Coachella Valleys, 80 and 100 miles away.

\$120 million Magma Copper mine, mill smelter and town at San Manuel, Ariz., to mine the newest and biggest proved deposit of copper ore in the U.S. (see color pictures).

Fancy new all-year resorts, surrounded by high-priced desert estates, have risen in California's Apple Valley, along the 30-mile-long Salton Sea (239 feet below sea level) and at Arizona's Scottsdale and Paradise Valley near Phoenix. New housing subdivisions have mushroomed into the desert at Palmdale, Lancaster, Hesperia and Lucerne Valley in the Mojave, at Indio, Coachella and Twentynine Palms in the Colorado Desert, across the floor of the Las Vegas Valley and out for miles on all sides of Tucson and Phoenix.

Great areas of the desert have turned green with new water wells and hundreds of miles of new irrigation canals. The fertile soil and year-round growing season give desert agriculture an intensity and diversity undreamed of by the Midwest dirt farmer. In California's rich, 650,000-acre Imperial Valley, grains, cotton, lettuce, sheep, flax, cattle and carrots can be raised side by side. Farmers change their crops to meet changing market conditions, and, when water is needed, a telephone order brings it sluicing through laterals from the All-American Canal, which stretches 80 miles to the Colorado River.

In the Coachella Valley, the land is so fertile that most ranchers double-crop, producing two yields a year from the same acreage. On an intensively worked ranch of 80 acres, Henry Sakemi, a Nisei farmer, raises tomatoes, peas, corn, beans, romaine lettuce and squash. His overhead is steep: four tractors, cultivators, disks, plows, subsoilers, harrows, planters and bed-shapers, besides the cost for water and labor (up to 90 field hands during harvest). But his yields are immense: 200 crates per acre of sweet corn, each crate holding five dozen ears, and tomatoes that net a steady \$500-a-year-profit per acre. On his relatively small ranch he grosses \$100,000 a year. "In a good year," says Rancher Sakemi, "my profit margin has hit as much as 30% to 35%."

Farther north, on the Mojave Desert, Rancher Stoddard Jess has built one of the desert's tidiest agricultural arrangements. His chief crop is turkeys, 55,000 birds or more each year, and better than 100,000 pounds. In a complex of fresh-water ponds, he raises a million rainbow trout from fingerlings. The trout fatten on entrails from the dressed turkeys and on worms grown as a crop on the ranch. Water from the ponds irrigates fields of corn, and the turkeys are turned loose to fatten on the corn.

Out of the Submarines. The desert influx got its first big push with World War II. The military services and aircraft industry, seeking space for maneuvers and testing, as well as the desert's clear, dry weather and year-round sunshine, were the first to move out in expansive style. They sank hundreds of wells, established mushrooming service installations: Edwards and George Air Force Bases in the Mo-

jave, the U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station near Inyokern, the Army's Camp Irwin at Barstow, Marine Corps depots and bases at Mojave, Barstow and Twentynine Palms, and other big bases at Las Vegas and in the Arizona Desert around Tucson and Phoenix. At Frenchman Flat, 70 miles north of Las Vegas, the AEC set up its nuclear-weapons test site.

Where the military pioneered, citizens followed in vigorous and increasing waves. People who looked for a healthy climate, pleasant living, new opportunities and the freedom of elbow space found them in the desert. Modern technology was ready to help combat the desert's age-old barriers. A dozen years before, old settlers slept in wet sheets or went to bed in "submarines," welded metal boxes over which cooling water was pumped during the night. Now, at war's end, there was modern air cooling and refrigeration. In homes, offices and resorts, men found they could live, work and play in air-conditioned comfort and move about in air-conditioned cars. Big machines and modern techniques met other problems, from the drilling of deep wells and the mass production of swimming pools to the erection in double-quick time of whole towns, planned to order.

In Arizona, guest ranches once advertised desert seclusion. Now surrounded by housing developments and shopping centers, they are eying distant locations, wondering how far to retreat to avoid still another move. As the settlers push out of Los Angeles, buying up one desert tract after another, realtors bulldoze farther and farther into the desert.

Big Dreams. With the increasing pool of skilled workers, payrolls are swelling at desert plants and industries. The wartime installations, now permanent, compete for workers with newer desert arrivals such as the \$50 million complex of chemical and metal plants at Henderson, Nev. Aircraft workers, fleeing the smog and traffic of Los Angeles, find work with North American, Lockheed or Northrop at new assembly and testing plants on the Mojave.

Other immigrants are finding new starts in real estate, insurance, farming and stock raising. Mojave desert realtors obligingly indoctrinate home buyers in the business of poultry raising, sell them the equipment along with their new homes, even arrange the buying (on credit) of chicks and feed and the marketing of the grown product. Today, a new housing project near Lancaster claims to be the most concentrated poultry raising area in the U.S., with every backyard a crowded chicken run.

More spectacularly, the new desert boom is studded with examples of settlers who have come up fast and furiously:

¶ **Near Victorville, Calif.,** George McCarthy was trying to make ends meet by running a small guest ranch. Two years ago he sold a piece of Mojave Desert land that had cost him \$180. His price: \$250,000. Today he is subdividing 3,300 acres that cost him less than \$1 an acre into half-acre tracts to sell for \$2,000 apiece.

¶ **Del E. Webb,** once a Phoenix carpenter, became a builder, grew with the desert boom, is now a multimillionaire contractor and developer, with interests ranging from oil to part ownership of the New York Yankees.

¶ **In Arizona's Paradise Valley,** where Frank Lloyd Wright and his students at nearby Taliesin West design homes for desert living, Realtor Merle Cheney bought 6,000 acres of land for as low as 25¢ an acre, now sells it at prices up to \$3,000 an acre.

¶ **In Apple Valley, Calif.,** Long Beach Oilmen Newton Bass and Bernard Westlund developed 26,000 acres of desert land they bought in 1946 for an average of \$50 an acre into a plush resort, now use 90 salesmen and a fleet of radio-controlled cars to sell half-acre lots for as much as \$11,500.

Success stories like these set many desert newcomers shooting in all directions, wavering in a single day between buying a laundry and investing in a tungsten mine. Optimistic and energetic in a new land, they dream big dreams to match the big country. Those with capital look for investments and find them: Ontario (Calif.) Aircraft Executive Glenn Ode-kirk has interests in desert tungsten and uranium; Hollywood Actor John Ireland and Tennis Star Don Budge are building a swank, \$298,000 racquet club outside Phoenix. The less well-heeled look for likely sites for gas stations, ice-cream routes, or the acquaintance of somebody "who's got something good." Even those without cash find it easier on the desert to try new jobs and to borrow money with no more collateral than a good idea.

No Place But Here. Water has always been the limiting factor to the desert's growth. There are few places on the desert where a man, for a price, cannot sink a well and bring up water. But the price is sometimes prohibitive, and the water table is going down. The Colorado is tapped for domestic and industrial use in Nevada's Clark County, for irrigation in the Yuma area of Arizona and (via the long All-American and Coachella Canals) in the Imperial Valley and the Coachella Valley, and for domestic consumption in Los Angeles. As the area grows and demand increases, men will have to find new sources of supply. When that time arrives, area officials hope that scientists will have learned how to convert sea water into fresh water at an economic price.

Meanwhile, the desert, offering many things to many men, is still attracting increasing numbers of new settlers. Some, like Tucson Businessman Larry Sierck, who migrated from Davenport, Iowa five years ago and is still in his 30s, come for the opportunities of the fresh new land. Others, like William Bentham and his wife, who left Los Angeles when Bentham got ulcers in his city job, come for the healthy climate and the pleasant living. Today the ulcers are gone and the Mojave Desert location has turned into valuable property. "But, hell," he says, "if we sold, where would we go. Sudie and me? I don't want to go any place but here."

SPORT

Hilfbk Prfd

Wanted—football players who want to obtain an education in colorful Colorado at a fully accredited Junior College. Send qualifications to Tracy Borah, Coach, Northeastern Junior College, Sterling, Colorado.

An editorial writer of the Chicago *Tribune* spotted that ad under "Personal" notices in the *Tribune's* classified ad section last week and seized upon it as the text for a bright little lecture:

"We do not exactly applaud Coach Tracy Borah* of Northeastern College, Sterling, Colo., but he is no hypocrite," said the *Trib.* "Mr. Borah has been using our want ad columns to advertise for football players, which old Northeastern badly needs, having lost four of nine games last year. He has scholarships for 33 football players, 12 wrestlers, 15 track athletes, 15 baseball players and 15 basketball players, which means that more than one-third of the Northeastern enrollment will be getting a free ride.

"Coach Borah says that more eminent institutions of learning shop for tramp athletes, but put up a pious front, whereas he comes right out in the open. There is something to that . . . If his methods catch on, we should not be surprised if other institutions of higher learning follow suit. One can imagine Yale appealing in the following terms:

"Personal—Have opening for trpl thrt hlfbk and T fmn qutrbk, two tkls, a running gd, and end. Hlfbk prefibly shld weigh 195 and can go 200. Pass ctchg ends will recv pfrc. Bright young men of proms can lk fwd to attractv life in Ivy League srgs, nights at Mory's and possibilty of being tapped for Skl & Bones. Albie Booth and many others have gone on to later success. Refres requd."

Nobody could say whether the editorial or the ad turned the trick, but at week's end Coach Borah, 30, an alumnus of Colorado A & M, was getting telegrams and phone calls by the hundreds. "All I hoped to get was one or two players at the most," said he. "Instead, I have received letters signed by kids from every state in the country. I guess they expected to get a free ride right down the line."

Big Newk

It seemed like old times. On the mound, large, loose-jointed Don Newcombe leaned forward to take his signal; behind the plate was his best friend, Catcher Roy Campanella, back in action after a two-week layoff with a bad knee. The best battery in baseball was back in business again, and though the visiting Cardinals tried to make a game of it, they didn't have a chance.

"C'mon roomie," came the catcher's high-pitched chatter, "Hum that pea."

Big Newk obliged. He took aim, reared back and fired. The ball whistled in. It looked just as small and twice as lively as a drop of water dancing on a hot griddle. All afternoon, the Cards collected only eight hits, turned them into three thin runs. Not a man among them drew a walk. The Dodgers, meanwhile, scored twelve times. In five times at the bat the versatile Newk got two singles, a double, and a tremendous homer into the right field stands.

Polished Partnership. Ever since 1943 when he broke into the Negro leagues, Newcombe has been demonstrating his



CAMPANELLA & NEWCOMBE
"C'mon, roomie. Hum that pea."

lusty skill on the diamond. Mrs. Effa Manley, owner of the Newark (N.J.) Eagles, gave him his first big chance in 1944 simply because he looked big enough (6 ft 4 in., 225 lbs.) to throw hard. By 1946 he was throwing hard enough to make his way to a Dodger farm club in Nashua, N.H. There, a mild-mannered manager named Walter Alston learned his first lessons in handling the moody pitcher. And an up-and-coming catcher named Roy Campanella learned how to needle him into game-winning pitch.

Off season, in the bush-league ball parks of Latin America, Campy and Newk continued to polish up their partnership. When Newk was called up to the Dodgers in 1949, Campy was already there, ready to help him win 17 (he lost only eight) to become Rookie of the Year. Since then, Newcombe has racked up records of 19-11, 20-9, 9-8 with two years out ('52 and '53) for Army service.

This spring he seemed off to a bad start. A silly squabble with Manager Alston about pitching batting practice got him a quick but firm invitation to clear out

of the clubhouse (*TIME*, May 23). Newk brooded for a day, apologized and came back with blood in his eye. Out of his Nashua experience, Dodger Manager "Smoky" Alston had obviously fashioned the right formula for handling his hot right-hander. Newk has been logging the ball past enemy batters ever since.

Prired Pitching. If the Dodgers have their wish, that strong right arm will never give out; but if it does, Newk has no worry. His batting eye is so sharp that he could be taught to shag flies and turned into a good outfielder. (Impressed by the same kind of hitting, Boston Red Sox Manager Ed Barrow turned a good pitcher named George Herman Ruth into an outfielder in 1918.) So far this season, Newk boasts a .406 batting average and a slugging percentage (calculated by dividing total times at bat into total bases reached on hits) of .797. With six home runs he has already tied the National League record for four-baggers hit by a pitcher in a single season, shared by the Giants' Hal Schumacher and the Boston Braves' Jim Tobin. He is well on his way to reaching the American League record of nine homers, held by Cleveland's Wes Ferrell.

Understandably, though, the Dodgers prize his pitching most of all. With the rest of their staff suffering from an exasperating assortment of sore arms, Don Newcombe's record of 15-1 counts high in the Dodgers' comfortable 12½-game lead on the rest of the league.

Riding the Trade Winds

Racing yachtsmen who have made the long, downwind thrash from California to Hawaii are convinced that the trans-Pacific race is the toughest test of men and ships yet devised. Sail, rigging, hull and nerves are strained to the breaking point as crews drive their craft before the northeasterly trade winds over most of the 2,225 miles of open sea between San Pedro and Honolulu.

Fortnight ago, when the 19th race got under way, San Francisco Manufacturer Richard S. Rheem (steel containers and home appliances) and the crew of his 98-ft. ketch *Morning Star* knew they had small chance to win. Four times they had made the long haul, and twice they were first across the finish line off Diamond Head. But in both races the complicated calculations of the handicap formula* had given another ship the prize. This year Skipper Rheem, sailing against a record 52 other yachts, was ready to settle for the satisfaction of breaking his own uncorrected record crossing time.

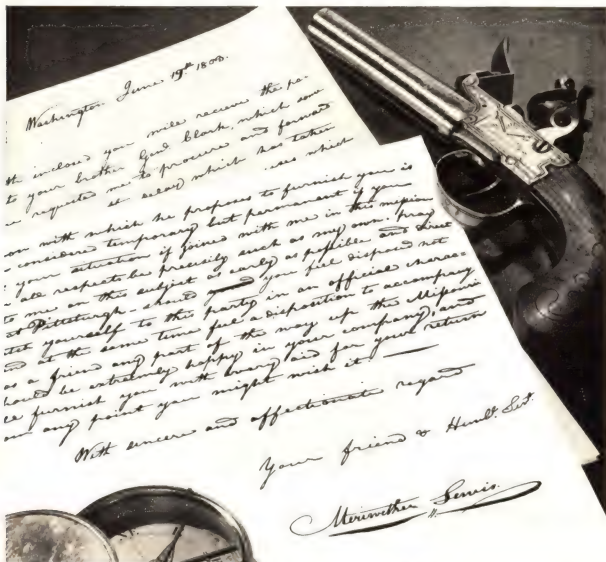
Dream of Danger. Pushed along by winds up to 30 knots, strongest ever recorded in a trans-Pacific race (the Los Angeles Weather Bureau had predicted the weakest breezes yet), the *Morning Star* made the most of every gust. But her crew paid a rough price for their speed. All ports were closed against the

* It's which length, beam, displacement, sail area, past performance and a long list of lesser factors are used to correct a contestant's total sailing time.

* Grandnephew of Idaho's late, great Senator William Borah.



Memorable American Letters...



Courtesy Missouri Historical Society

In June 1802, Meriwether Lewis wrote this letter to William Clark inviting him to join in an exploration of the Pacific Northwest to be undertaken for the United States. The small party left Pittsburgh in August, and reached the shores of the Pacific 27 months later. The 4000-mile trek, fraught with hardship and peril, produced the first clear picture of the area, its topography, resources and inhabitants.

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TIME, JULY 25, 1955

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Just scrape, load and push the button! 22 whirling sprays **HOTTER** than hands can stand, thoroughly wash every plate, glass, pan—**CLEANER** than hands can clean. Exclusive Turbo-Spray tube, between upper and lower racks, really gets all dishes clean—automatically.



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Air-Conditioned Rooms • Private Parking
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OVERLOOKING BEAUTIFUL BISCAYNE BAY

high following seas, and sleep was almost impossible for the watch below. Boiling ahead of the trade winds, the white-hulled yacht climbed wave crests and planed down like a surfboard. The mainsail boom sliced dangerously through the sea. One night Crewman Bob Carlson dreamed that a mast fitting had broken and dumped the boom overboard. He awoke, went on deck and found that the fitting of his dream had indeed worked loose. A bit more stress and the boom could have gone to complete the nightmare.

At midnight just 9 days, 15 hrs., 5 min. and 10 sec. after clearing the No. 2 buoy in Los Angeles harbor, the *Morning Star* glided like a ghost ship into a searchlight beam off Diamond Head. Once more she was first to finish; she had trimmed 19 hours off her old record. Said Rheem: "I wouldn't want to try and break that

broke silence they were less than 200 miles off Diamond Head, with more than enough of their 98-hour handicap left to take top honors. The times were too close for comfort, but, under the formula, *Staghound* won her second trans-Pacific victory by six hrs. and two min.

Scoreboard

❑ Frenchmen celebrated Bastille Day everywhere but on the fairways of La Boulie golf course near suburban Versailles. There Byron Nelson, 43, the tall, greying Texan who won the U.S. Open championship back in 1939, showed his old touch on the greens and his old straight skill off the tee, to take the French Open championship with a 17-under-par 271. Last American to take the title: Walter Hagen in 1920.

❑ Ever since his *This Week* magazine



KETCH "MORNING STAR" IN TRANS-PACIFIC RACE
In a dream, a threatening nightmare.

one." Then, as before, he settled back to wait and see who had really won.

Shotgun Watches. Just 14 hours behind the white ketch, the 75-ft. schooner *Constellation* crossed the line. She had carried a spinnaker all the way—a tricky test for her helmsmen. They had to fight the wheel so hard to keep the big-bellied sail full that sometimes, with two men working at once, they could stand only 15-minute "shotgun" watches without relief. On corrected time, no boat seemed to have a chance to catch the *Constellation*, and Dutch Captain Frank Hooykaas did a happy jig of victory.

Then, out of nowhere came the 39-ft. ketch *Staghound*. She had been unreported and counted out of the running for days. But race officials had forgotten that in 1953, when she won the race, *Staghound's* owner and skipper, Los Angeles' Ira P. Fulmor, kept radio silence as he searched for favorable winds. Now Fulmor and his navigator, Robert T. Leary, were pulling the same stunt. When they

article admitting that he had accepted pay for playing amateur tennis (*TIME*, May 30), former U.S. Singles Champion Jack Kramer has been getting the cold shoulder from the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association. To make it official, the proper officials of the U.S.L.T.A. have fired Big Jake from his job as coach of the Junior Davis Cup squad, a training group that was originally his brain child. The new coach: Don Budge, another pro, who was U.S. Singles champ in 1937 and '38.


❑ Half a mile from the finish in the last of nine races for the Syce Cup and the Long Island Sound women's sailing championship, pint-sized Toni Monetti, 18, who won the midget title only five years ago, messed up a jibe and lost most of the lead she had built up on the first leg. Without wasting a moment, the Skidmore College sophomore went forward to untangle the sheets of her Lightning's big spinnaker. She finished in time to sail home third, earning just enough points to bring the Syce Cup home.



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THE PROBLEM: Ever look down a manhole when the electric company was installing cables? Those big ones—sheathed in lead—are insulated with paper impregnated with oil.

This oil is part of the insulation of the cable. But just as with the oil in your car, impurities build up when the cable is in use. Heat and electrical stress cause this. And when oil deteriorates, cable doesn't last as long.

THE SOLUTION: Engineers of Anaconda Wire & Cable Company designed

a power cable incorporating carbon-black tapes. When the oil contacts these carbon-black tapes, the impurities are "adsorbed." The oil stays fresh. The cable lasts longer, needs less servicing and better helps your electric company maintain continuity of service to you.

THE FUTURE: Helping America's power and light companies satisfy today's constantly growing need for electricity is one of the many ways Anaconda enters into your daily life. For only Anaconda offers such a rare combination of

experience in the mining, refining, and fabrication of non-ferrous metals—in copper, brass, bronze, aluminum... in the production of lead, zinc, uranium concentrates and many other metals. That is why the Man from Anaconda is a good man to know, whether you want the latest in money-saving wire, tested metals for vital equipment, or assistance in engineering problems. Anaconda, 25 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

ANACONDA

RELIGION

Freedom for Mindszenty

A sick, haggard old man walked out of a Hungarian prison last week, a startling anachronism amid the Communist campaign of sweetness and light. After more than six years of imprisonment on charges of treason, espionage and black-market dealings, Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, 63-year-old Roman Catholic Primate of Hungary, had his freedom.

The cardinal, sentenced to life by the Communists in February 1949, had been



Boris Chotiaipia

MINDSZENTY (TIME COVER, 1949)
A startling anachronism.

"allowed to interrupt his term of imprisonment," said the Budapest radio, "following a petition submitted by the Hungarian bishops because of his bad health condition and his age." The government announced that he would live in a "church building selected by the Hungarian bishops," i.e., probably a monastery.

Intercommunion Squabble

"I've never heard of a report of such import for the church being accepted with so little argument," said a stunned Anglican canon last week. The Convocations of Canterbury and York, traditional arbiters of all doctrinal matters in the Church of England, had just accepted, with little dispute, a report recommending extension of "limited intercommunion" with the Church of South India. The argument was not long in coming, and with it the threat of a schism in the Anglican Church.

The union of some 1,000,000 Methodists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and members of the Reformed Church into the Church of South India in 1947 was a notable feat of theological tightrope-walking, as well as the first major attempt to unite Episcopal and non-Episcopal Protestant churches. The Church of England, which claims that its bishops are successors of Christ's apostles, insisted that all ordinations after the union be performed by Episcopal bishops, but agreed that no reordination would be required of those who had al-

ready been ordained in non-Episcopal churches. Said the Canterbury-York report on recommending intercommunion: "We consider that there are no longer any grounds for hesitancy in accepting as valid in intention the consecrations and ordinations of the Church of South India."

Suspect Bishops. Strong Anglo-Catholic elements in the Church of England, led by a group of priests called the Annunciationists (after the Church of the Annunciation in London), thought differently. Many ministers in the Church of South India were not ordained validly in the beginning, they argued. Furthermore, ordinations performed by the 13 Episcopally consecrated bishops of C.S.I. since 1947 are also invalid because the bishops were in communion with nonconformist clergymen. The Annunciationists also charged that the C.S.I. refused to accept the Christian creeds in entirety, pointed to a clause in the C.S.I. constitution in proof: "The uniting churches accept the fundamental truths embodied in the creeds . . . but do not intend thereby to demand the assent of individuals to every word and phrase of them."

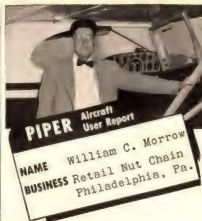
"Such a church," said the Rev. Hugh Ross Williamson, an Annunciationist leader and playwright, "cannot be called a Christian church in any hitherto definable sense of the term . . . After today, it will be impossible to be certain that any ordination in the Church of England is valid. This is not just another crisis. It is a unique happening which is bound to have historical consequences."

Suspense Orders. Then Father Williamson intimated that many Annunciationist priests (his estimate: 1,700 to 2,000, a figure that Anglican sources claim is grossly exaggerated) might be forced to secede and join the Roman Catholic Church. Reason: "That we may, by continuing to hold to the faith, represent the true Church of England, and that if we seek reconciliation with the Holy See we may end, historically speaking, the schism which took place under Henry VIII."

Nobody really expected that it would come to that, especially since the Roman Catholic Church does not recognize the validity of Anglican orders. In any case, intercommunion at present allows members of the Church of South India only limited privileges and local bishops may use their discretion in granting even these. The question of full intercommunion is not expected to become a serious question for about two decades.

Apostles or Apostates?

Despite exhortations from press and pulpit, some 24,000 poverty-pressed young men and women emigrated last year from the Republic of Ireland to prosperous, Protestant Great Britain. In the past ten years the Roman Catholic population of Great Britain (now 3,000,000) has increased by more than 750,000, primarily because of the influx of Irish workers. Most of the Irish settle in the big cities



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of Britain, work hard and long, and live in drab and depressing slum tenements.

The young men often go wild, drink excessively and brawl frequently. Innocent young colleens are sometimes lured into prostitution. Observed a Roman Catholic priest in England: "They are unfitted in some ways for life outside Ireland. They know little of sin."

Last week, from every Catholic pulpit in Ireland, priests read a letter from Ireland's bishops warning of the "danger to faith and morals" that awaits Irish emigrants in England and of the "evil persons [who] are on the watch to meet them and to drag them down into the depths." This was enough to make any Irishman squirm, but there was worse to come. A pool of Irish missionaries would be sent to England, said the bishops, not to convert the English but to win back the Irish who have gone astray.

The Irish hierarchy will work with Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, in carrying out their plan. Recently Cardinal Griffin issued a pastoral letter warning young Irish to arrange for a job, lodging and contact with their countrymen before going to England. He also authorized a pool of missionaries from all the principal religious orders in Ireland, plans to spread them through the big cities beginning this fall to conduct missions among expatriates. By winning back many of the Irish and reimposing a few of the old rules from back home, the missionaries hope to have more apostles, fewer apostates.

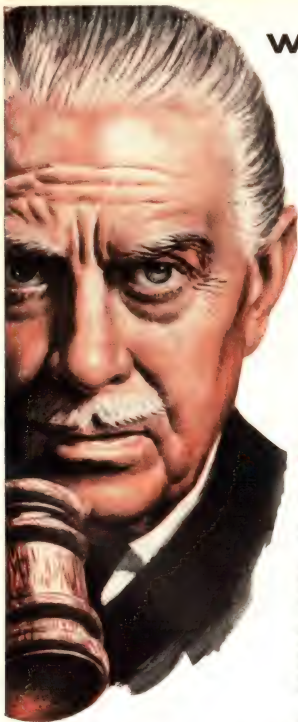
Words & Works

¶ In Denver, two Mennonite conscientious objectors completed, without apparent harmful effects, a six-week test of food that had been exposed to radiation, prepared to join other conscientious objectors in testing foods that have been subjected to greater radiation doses.

¶ In Durban, the Reconstituted Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa charged that Prime Minister J. G. Strydom "is doing everything in his power to enlist the aid of the Dutch Reformed Church to achieve a totalitarian state in South Africa." warned that South Africa is "being led toward a police state" by an Afrikaner brotherhood said to be backed by the major Dutch Reformed Churches.

¶ In Rio de Janeiro, the 36th International Eucharistic Congress opened before more than 250,000 Roman Catholic pilgrims from 30 nations. Twenty-one cardinals and 300 bishops are expected before the week's end.

¶ In Brussels, some 500 delegates to the Assembly of World Brotherhood sat through five days of speeches without either a hint of dispute or a healthy round of applause. Few speakers succeeded in rising above the grimly mirthless atmosphere of the occasion. Belgium's Foreign Affairs Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, famed as an extemporaneous orator, armed himself with a copy of an old speech, liberally quoted himself, explained that he couldn't express his sentiments any better than he did five years ago.



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Rockets from Balloons

For several years scientists from the University of Iowa have been launching rockets from high-flying balloons to study cosmic rays at great altitudes. The advantage is that the rocket avoids most of the resistance of the atmosphere. A Deacon rocket, for instance, rises only about 15 miles when fired from the ground. When launched from a balloon twelve miles up, it has reached 60 miles.

In *Aviation Age*, Kurt R. Stehling of Bell Aircraft Corp. tells how he and R. M. Missert, a physicist from the University of Iowa, are studying this principle as a cheap and easy way of putting a small, artificial satellite into an orbit around the earth. The rocket would have three stages, he says, but the whole thing need weigh only 13,500 lbs., and it could be carried up 15 miles by a plastic-film balloon of 3,000,000-cu.-ft. capacity (180-ft. diameter).

The heavy first stage of the rocket could consist of four clumsy but efficient, solid-propellant boosters. Since air resistance is low at that altitude, their unstreamlined shape would not pay much penalty in drag. The second stage would be a smaller, liquid-fueled rocket (1,300 lbs.), and it would carry in its nose the final rocket (200 lbs.) that would be the satellite.

Stehling believes that the rocket must be launched in exactly the right direction, preferably 45° from the vertical. The balloon will carry an azimuth and declination mounting, probably a gyroscope, which will point the rocket eastward by "locking on to" the sun. After it is launched, it would require guidance only in the second stage. There are two possible

ground-control methods: beamed radar or moving intersecting radio beams. The third, satellite stage would be unguided and would carry only a 30-lb. payload of instruments or experimental animals. According to his calculations, it would reach 18,400 m.p.h. on a slightly elliptical orbit around the earth. Its instruments, perhaps supplied with electricity by a Bell Telephone Lab's solar battery, would report air and space conditions, the effect of weightlessness, and the extent of the earth's magnetic field.

There are other ways of putting up a satellite, Stehling admits, but most of them would require very large, elaborate and expensive rocketry. He believes that the balloon method of outwitting atmospheric resistance is the most practical way for man to take his first step toward space flight.

Controlled Fusion

A portentous rumor is spreading fast through U.S. atomic industry: that a "controlled fusion" (hydrogen) reactor has been or may soon be achieved. Nothing has come into the open, and Atomic Energy Commission officials refuse, sometimes nervously, to answer questions touching remotely on the subject. But the rumors have enough substance to worry electric power companies. In the absence of assurances to the contrary, some of them are afraid that the fission (uranium) power plants they intend to build in the near future may be hopelessly outmoded before they are finished.

Both the Russians (on July 1 Soviet Scientist M. G. Meshchiraykov reported controlled fusion experiments) and the British, as well as the U.S., are reported to be working hard on this radical device.

but the only fusion reaction demonstrated so far is an uncontrolled one: the hydrogen bomb. In the bomb, light elements (isotopes of hydrogen and probably lithium) are caused to join into helium by the intense heat of an exploding fission (uranium) bomb. Something more tractable is needed to start a fusion reaction in a peaceful power plant.

Hot Spot. The problem is a favorite one with nuclear inventors, and there have been many suggestions. Most of them use electrical methods for generating intense heat in very small amounts of material. A beam of electrons from a linear accelerator, for instance, carries a good deal of energy. If it is focused on a small spot, perhaps one-thousandth of a millimeter in diameter, it will raise the temperature of that spot to many million degrees.

No known material can stand such heat, but if the material struck by the electrons is lithium-six deuteride,* it will (so say the rumors) turn into helium, giving off a vast amount of energy.

What happens next is known only in the innermost nuclear circles, if it is known there. Some outside guessers think that the reaction, once started, will be self-sustaining. The nuclear fire will sweep through the lithium deuteride like a flame through dry excelsior. Others believe that the reaction will have to be stimulated, continuously or intermittently, by energy from outside.

Intermittent Control. Ways of controlling the reaction are under debate too. One way would be to make it intermittent, with a very small amount of nuclear fuel present at a time. This would make the fusion reactor analogous to a reciprocating gasoline engine, where minute amounts of fuel are ignited and burned in series. But it might also be possible to make the reaction proceed at the desired rate by changing in some way the physical conditions in the reaction chamber.

It does not take a physicist to see that if a fusion reactor works with reasonable efficiency it would have great advantages:

¶ Its fuel would be extremely cheap in terms of energy yield, much cheaper than uranium.

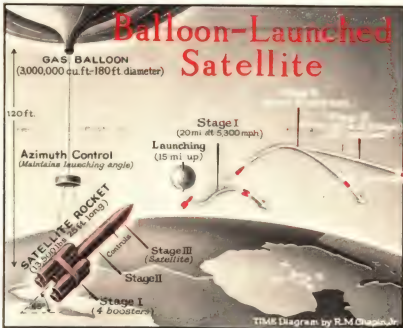
¶ There would be no radioactive fission products. This is important because the safe disposal of this dangerous material imposes a heavy cost burden on a uranium power reactor.

¶ Its radiation might be comparatively easy to handle, requiring lighter shielding. This would be a great advantage in propulsion reactors, especially of aircraft.

¶ The fusion reactor might not contain a large amount of radioactive fuel, as uranium reactors do. If so, it would be less hazardous. The possibility, however remote, that a uranium reactor may explode and spray the neighborhood with radioactivity is a serious problem.

¶ If a fusion reactor should turn out to be successful, the booming uranium mining industry would be threatened with infant mortality.

* Chemical compound of lithium's light isotope, Li^6 , and hydrogen's middle isotope, H^2 .



TIME Diagram by R.M. Chapin

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Jam in Newport

Cats, hipsters, vipers, and even a few moldy figs swarmed last weekend among the stately mansions of Newport, R.I. for the second Newport Jazz Festival. Neckties were not worn and tea was not drunk; cries of "Go, go, go!" burned the sea-cooled air, and other un-Newportian manifestations jarred the Old Guard as they had last year (TIME, Aug. 2) and probably would again. But the general consensus on Bailey's Beach and along Bellevue Avenue was that this year's foreigners were considerably more "dignified" than before.

Newport had taken no chances. The board of governors of the famed 75-year-old casino flatly refused to lease its grounds to the festival as it did in 1954; only an unseasonable dry spell that summer, they pointed out, prevented the tennis courts from being ruined by stomping feet, and what they called the "sanitary facilities" had been deplorably inadequate. Jazz-loving Socialite Louis L. Lorillard promptly paid \$22,500 for Belcourt, the enormous, run-down pile of the late O.H.P. Belmont, and announced that this was where things would jump during the festival's three days. At this the neighbors set up a well-modulated howl and complained to the city fathers. Eventual compromise: jam sessions in the city-owned ballfield, Freebody Park (seating 11,800), lectures by hipsters ("Jazz from the Inside Looking Out") and social scientists ("Jazz from the Outside Looking In") to be held during two afternoons at Belcourt.

Everybody was on hand—Count Basie and Louis Armstrong, Pee Wee Russell, Dave Brubeck, Woody Herman, Roy Eldridge, Gerry Mulligan, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and plenty of others as "far out" as mortal men can get. Tabulating receipts at week's end, Impresario George Wein grinned from ear to ear. Not only would the festival be continued next year, he predicted, but it might well spread to Europe.

On Jacob's Pillow

Down went the house lights, up came the footlights, and there before the curtain stood a tall, grey man whose daring dancing had once shocked the purists and made history in the dance. Ted Shawn, 63, is at home before any audience, but this audience was his special home—Jacob's Pillow, in the Berkshires near Lee, Mass., where he turned a weed-grown farm into the hub and Mecca of dancing in North America. Shawn introduced what he called "the apex of our achievement in presenting dancers at Jacob's Pillow," the Royal Danish Ballet. Then the Danes took over and proved it.

There were only ten in the company, the sets were but not nonexistent, and the orchestra of the Royal Theater in Copenhagen had dwindled to an offstage piano. But the world's second oldest ballet (after

France's *L'Opéra*) and Western Europe's second best (after Britain's Sadler's Wells) had no need of sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. Dancing a series of *divertissements* and set pieces from their repertory, they lighted packed houses of up-from-the-city balletomanes and matinee contingents from nearby girls' camps with the warm, old-fashioned charm of their style.

Success Without Ice. The Danes, who rarely venture far from Copenhagen, have a distinct style of their own. Its originator was the great Danish choreographer, August Bournonville (1805-1879), and a dash of Bournonville was what the balletasters came to Jacob's Pillow for. In

The first risk was in dancing at all. It was considered permissible for him to take ballet lessons in 1910, when he was studying for the Methodist ministry at the University of Denver, only because he was learning to walk again after an attack of diphtheria had paralyzed him from the waist down. But when the *Denver Post* sponsored a "Quatre Arts" ball at which Ted and his teacher performed a decorous waltz, respectable folk—Methodist or not—were horrified. One of Ted's fraternity brothers quietly drew him aside for a brotherly dressing down. "Men," he said with finality, "don't dance."

Shawn abandoned all idea of the ministry and went right on dancing, typing in an insurance office by day and sorting books in the public library by night to pay for his lessons. Ultimately he jour-



Roy Stevens

TED SHAWN (SEATED, CENTER) & DANISH BALLET TROUPE
Still a man of God, not the World's Most Beautiful Man.

two pieces, the dancing lesson called "*Konservatoriet*" and the *pas de deux* from the "Flower Festival in Genzano," they found it—gay, pretty romanticism instead of the drawn-steel tension of the Diaghilev tradition, verve and enthusiasm instead of icy perfection. Surprise of the program was a snippet from *Coppelia*, choreographed in 1866 by Danish Hans Beck after the French ballet-master, Saint-Léon. If the Delibes music was as familiar as an old song, the peasantry dancing was like hearing it sung in another language, and audiences loved the piquant combination.

Men Don't Dance. There was no question about it: the Danes were a success. Ted Shawn heaved a sigh of relief; his importation of the troupe represented a personal risk of some \$10,000. But the acknowledged dean of U.S. dancing has been taking risks all his life. One night last week he leaned back in an old rocker on his farmhouse porch, poured himself a tall brandy and soda, and reminisced about it.

neyed to Los Angeles, where he opened a school of his own.

One day in 1914, Shawn walked into the Manhattan studio of famed Dancer Ruth St. Denis. "I went to tea and talked so long I was invited to supper. Five months later we were married in City Hall. But Miss Ruth had ideas about marriage. One of them was that marriage was supposed to be fatal to a woman's career, so we kept it a secret. Nine months later Miss Ruth told a Kansas City newspaper woman about it in strict confidence, and the news landed on the A.P. wire." The headline, confusing Shawn with an esthetic dancer named Swan: RUTH ST. DENIS MARRIES THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN IN THE WORLD. It haunted Shawn for years.

The Dance Is Religion. The couple formed a school, Denishawn, which lasted some 16 years, until Ted and Miss Ruth separated (though not legally) in 1931. Shawn next flouted the opposition of backers and booking agents to rescue male dancers from general scorn as sissies

RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

and mere props for female dancers. From 1933 to 1940 he successfully toured the country with his troupe of male dancers. But with World War II the draft made short work of this project. Shawn himself danced and directed shows at Keesler Field, Miss. Since the war he has devoted himself to building up Jacob's Pillow as a combination summer festival of dancing and a "University of the Dance." Current enrollment: 60 boys and girls who study ballet, modern dance, and ethnic dance (Indian, Hindu, Spanish, etc.) under Shawn and a faculty of eleven.

As a dancer and dean of U.S. dancers, Ted Shawn still sees himself as the man of God he started out to be in Denver. "Art, as P. D. Ouspensky said, is the beginning of vision, seeing farther than human sight. And dance is the only art of which we ourselves are the stuff of which it is made. I never go onstage without saying 'Here I am, Lord, use me.' I have had almost a vocation from childhood to be a religious . . . The dance is religion. It is the finest symbol of the activity of God that we have in this world."

Mambo-San

In the land of Fujiyama, bara-kiri, paper houses and the ritualized courtesy of the tea ceremony, everybody seemed to be doing the mambo. Big-city dance halls with alternating bands and little village meeting places with borrowed phonographs were rocking each night with shoulder-shaking, hip-writhing youngsters. Tea parlors, coffee shops and bars dispensed their drinks to a rolling mambo beat, and new dance halls were abuilding to cope with the craze.

Japan was spared the mambo until last fall, when touring Bandman Xavier Cugat introduced it. But it did not really catch on until the Japanese saw Jane Russell do the *Cherry Pink* and *Apple Blossom White* mambo in the film *Underwater!* In the last two months more than half a million mambo records have been sold, and Japanese recording companies have been working overtime to meet the mamboom. Top hit is still *Cherry Pink*, followed closely by *Skokiaan Mambo* and *Cerezo Rosa* (a different arrangement of *Cherry Pink*). Local mambo composers are doing their best to catch up.

Parents and educators are inclined to view these un-Japanese gyrations with misgivings and even to take steps. In the city of Fukui (pop. 120,000), for instance, the educators prepared a collection of what they called "good, wholesome, invigorating" songs to be sent out to local education boards and parent-teacher associations, with the recommendation that they be plugged on every possible occasion to drive out the "banal, vulgar, nerve-destroying" mambo. Then the educators rolled up heavy artillery in the form of a symphony orchestra imported from Tokyo. It got a respectful hearing, but this week *Cherry Pink* and *Cerezo Rosa* were beating harder than ever against Fukui eardrums. Said one local music critic sadly: "Fukui has 1,000 music lovers and 25,000 mambo fans."

Telev viewers had reason to expect some pretty good entertainment last week. On the bill was a sampling of Musicomedienne Gwen Verdon (*TIME*, June 13), one of the most accomplished hip-flippers in the song-and-dance business; a play by Eugene O'Neill; a dramatic role filled by Maureen Stapleton, one of Broadway's more gifted emoters; a new version of *Kitty Foyle*, that nostalgic, bittersweet tale of the between-wars world; and a dramatization of a true adventure from the life of former French Premier Pierre Mendès-France. But after going through



GWEN VERDON

With the emphasis off her talent.

the TV meat grinder, none of these promising offerings was up to expectations.

Target: the Funny Bone. Hip-flipper Verdon appeared on NBC's *Colgate Variety Hour* (Sun. 8 p.m., E.D.T.) in a salute to Songwriters Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, who wrote the music for the Broadway hits *The Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees*. Since Gwen was scheduled to do the numbers she originated in *Damn Yankees*, there was every reason to believe that she would prove as irresistible on TV as on Broadway. But her specialty is spoofing sex by seductively tossing her hips in all directions, while singing her songs. Although she aims chiefly at the funny bone, TV censors do not approve of hips as shapely as Gwen's being waved in any direction at all. Result: the camera was mostly focused on her from the waist up, keeping the emphasis off her talent.

The O'Neill play, *The Straw*, a youthful (1918), three-act romantic tragedy, was presented on NBC's *Kraft Theater* (Wed. 9 p.m., E.D.T.). It would have been difficult to pick an O'Neill drama that had a better chance of not coming off. It is the unhappy tale of a consump-

tive Irish girl, who falls in love with a writer at a sanitarium and wastes away when the writer is cured and leaves. The writer returns, and out of compassion gives her one straw of hope for life; the promise of his love. Although O'Neill's youthful worst is pretty bad, by some miracle of bad taste, the changes made in his text for the TV version managed to make the play even worse. O'Neill's final note stresses man's indomitable hope in the face of hopelessness. The TV version concluded with a happy ending, sugar-coating O'Neill's bitter pill.

Aim: a Mystery. Actress Maureen Stapleton also stumbled on the hazard of a bad play presented over NBC's *Philco Playhouse* (Sun. 9:30 p.m., E.D.T.). *Incident in July* is the poor second best of Novelist-Playwright Calder Willingham, who adapted his own novel, *End as a Man*, a couple of seasons ago into an unexpected Broadway hit. *Incident* is about a married woman, incapable of having children, who pours her maternal affection on a 19-year-old boy, causes a painful scandal, finally realizes that she ought to adopt a child. The writing was aimless, the plot pointless, and Actress Stapleton had the ungrateful chore of playing a woman of monumental stupidity.

With *Kitty Foyle*, Author Christopher Morley hit a novelist's jackpot: a best-seller and a Class A movie. It was that familiar, marketable love story of the 30s about a poor working girl (25% Irish) and a Philadelphia scion (seventh-generation Main Line). The well-paced narrative (girl meets boy, girl gets boy, boy does not marry girl) was not helped by the predictability of the incidents nor the faded charm of slick writing about young love. On TV, *Kitty* was just an old-fashioned tearjerker with not enough strength left to jerk the tears.

The Escape of Mendès-France, shown on CBS's *Climax* (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., E.D.T.), was a dramatization of how the obscure Frenchman who was to become Premier escaped from his French fascist captors during the German occupation in 1940-41. As a true story, it is exciting; as fiction, it is a cliché. The hero is arrested, falsely accused and unjustly condemned to six years in prison, escapes by tying his bed sheets together and climbing down them. The climax of the show was ruined in a large part of the country by a transmission foul-up that blacked-out the escape scene. Louis Jourdan made a handsome Mendès-France, but never conveyed the impression that he had the brains to become Premier of France.

Moderation

It was the crucial week on CBS's *The \$64,000 Question*. Everything turned on the decision of the show's current star, Mrs. Catherine E. Kreitzer, 54, Camp Hill, Pa. Bible student, mother of six sons, grandmother of nine. In three previous appearances, Grandma Kreitzer had answered ten questions about the Bible and

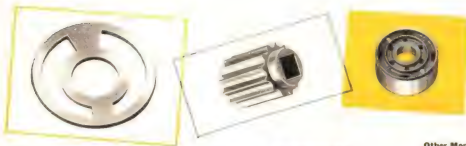
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PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE

won \$32,000. Last week she had to decide whether she would take the \$32,000 or let it ride on the chance of winning \$64,000.

With more than 35 million people tuned in, Contestant Kreitzer came to the moment of decision and proved that she has a well-developed sense of both drama and humor. She briskly recalled how confident she had been that she would answer the \$8,000, \$16,000 and \$32,000 questions. Then she serenely added: "And I am a little confident that I can answer the \$64,000 question." The studio audience exploded into wild, sustained applause, certain that Grandma Kreitzer had decided to risk her winnings for the jackpot. "But," she continued as the applause died down, "I am balancing that confidence with a quotation from *Ephesians*, 'Let your moderation be known unto all men.' So I'm going to let my moderation be known and accept the \$32,000."

After the show she let an error be known, too. Her quotation had come from *Philippians* rather than *Ephesians*. She also confessed that she and her husband had no intention of spending her winnings at the same speed that she had won them. Said Winner Kreitzer: "I guess we'll probably put it away for our rainy days."

Louis G. Cowan, 45, the man behind *The \$64,000 Question*, is probably the most prolific independent radio and TV package producer in the business. In the 15 years that Cowan has been producing packages—everything from conception and stars to script and sound cues—he has put at least 40 shows on radio and TV and won more than two dozen awards, including the Peabody Award twice. He now has five shows on the air.*

Cowan began his career as a producer in 1940 with the *Quiz Kids*, which ran for 14 years, earned him an annual profit in six figures. After the war, when Americans were hungry for domestic goods, he produced *Stop the Music*, the most lavish of the giveaway shows (refrigerators, washing machines, etc.). In between, he headed up the New York office of the wartime OWI. As a personality, Cowan is a paradox: a soft-spoken huckster with a Ph.D., who is more apt to recount his failures than his successes.

Cowan's latest contribution to American culture, *The \$64,000 Question*, was conceived one day last January in the library of his Manhattan apartment, when he sat down at his desk determined not to get up until he had thought of a "great" idea. His mind turned toward quiz shows and Mount Everest, and he thought that the Everest of quiz shows would be one with increasingly tough peaks to scale. Then he wondered what he could give as a commendable reward to anyone who scaled the highest peak. He remembered an old giveaway show, *Take It or Leave It*, later known as *The \$64 Question*. He said to himself, "\$640?" No. "\$6,400?" No. Then

* On TV: *Down You Go*, *Fearless Fosdick*, *The \$64,000 Question*, *Stop the Music* (returning in the fall). On radio: *Conversation*, *Murder at Midnight*.



Arthur Siegel

PRODUCER COWAN

How much for Mount Everest?

it came to him. He knew he couldn't miss with *The \$64,000 Question*.

It is certainly not a miss, but it took work. Before allowing the show to go on the air, Cowan put it through 17 dry runs to smooth out the kinks. But the show is unpredictable anyway, since nobody can foretell what contestants will say, and the timing is uncontrollable. The essence of the show's appeal, Cowan thinks, is "reality." People watch it, he says, like a sports event, because nobody knows what will happen or how it will come out. How long will the "highly profitable" show run? Replies Producer Cowan with a smile: "As long as enough people keep looking at it."

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, July 20. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). *The Gambler*, starring Jack Carson.

Colgate Variety Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Jack Webb conducts a celebration of Dixieland jazz, starring Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Janet Leigh.

Philco Television Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *Death of Billy the Kid* by Gore Vidal, starring Joseph Anthony.

Producer's Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *The Fourposter*, starring Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy.

RADIO

Monitor (Sat. 8 a.m. to Sun. midnight, NBC). A marathon, catchall weekend show of music, drama, comedy, etc.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Music by Mozart and Delius at the Bergen (Norway) Festival. Conductor: Sir Thomas Beecham.

Berkshire Festival (Mon. 8:15 p.m., NBC). Charles Munch conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood, Mass.



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ART

Fake!

Art forgeries can be bought almost as easily as genuine pictures by high-priced painters—and cheaper, too. The many shady dealers who handle fakes stay on the near side of the law by being careful not to state in so many words that the pictures are authentic. But recently a Los Angeles dealer named Roy Goldenberg got careless, advertised five patent fakes as being the works of Degas, Manet, Dufy and Rosa Bonheur.

This irked one of the West Coast's most reputable dealers, burly, bearded Frank Perls of Beverly Hills. Perls first warned Goldenberg, got some "dirty words" for his pains. Then Perls turned to the district attorney's office, rounded up such experts as John Rewald and Frederick Wight to testify at Goldenberg's trial. Last week Dealer Perls won his point. Found guilty of violating California's business and professional code, Dealer Goldenberg faces up to six months in jail and a \$500 fine. It was the first conviction of an art-fake peddler in U.S. legal history.

Spatiodynamisme

A new tower, 160 feet high, loomed last week above the trees of Paris' Park St. Cloud, looking like a giant Tinkertoy sparking in the sun. The tower is made of steel tubes, supporting scattered metal plaques colored red, blue, yellow, orange, brown and silver. Part of an international building show, it is meant to dramatize the possibility of a new kind of monumental sculpture.

Such lofty, light and airy abstractions, the tower's inventor believes, would be a great and welcome change from the traditional bronze men on horseback, men in capes, and men thinking, chin in hand. But Sculptor Nicolas Schoffer, 43, does not stop at purely visual effects. He got a composer friend to extract a musical tone from each plaque on his tower (by banging or rubbing each one separately) and record the sounds together on tape. Then he persuaded an engineer to build an electronic "brain" for the tower which "plays" the tones according to the effects of light, heat, humidity and surrounding

noises. The result sounds rather like a Balinese gamelan: a succession of groans, bongings, sighs and muted tinkles. "This piece of sculpture," says Schoffer, "aside from its purely visual role, becomes the source of an emission of sonorous background directed towards the city."

Hungarian-born Schoffer painted dolls in a Paris factory before World War II, fought with a Maquis hill band during the German occupation. "Under the shock of war," he says, "I evolved into a different sort of person. I began meeting intellectuals; I began sculpting new ideas; I began to hold conferences."

The theme of Schoffer's "conferences" he calls *spatiodynamisme*. Sculpture, he thinks, should reach up and out to dominate space, rather than simply filling a certain portion of it. Modern materials such as tempered steel make such "dynamic" sculptures possible on a grand scale, and the addition of so-called music by electronic means would make them pretty hard to ignore. But Schoffer's success in getting his tower sculpture constructed is only the beginning. "My goal," he says solemnly, "is a city built up around this tower and, so to speak, taking its essence from the sculpture."

BIG SPENDER

FEW sights can be more pleasing to art dealers than the appearance at their doors of Joseph Hirshhorn, a garrulous, hurrying little man with a big cigar. Multimillionaire Hirshhorn (TIME, Feb. 21) works with headlong intensity at his mining interests (uranium, gold, oil). "steals time" every week or so to make a whirlwind visit to a gallery. "I'll be in the middle of a meeting," he explains, "when I'll just get up and tell the boys I've got to go, but I don't say where."

Hirshhorn may begin his tour of an exhibition by stepping briskly over to the dealer and demanding to know how many kids the artist has and how his work is selling. If the kids are many and sales few, Hirshhorn sees one more opportunity to "be a decent guy." He glances swiftly at the pictures, hoping hard to find some that "sing," or, better yet, make him "feel weak." In a pleasantly weak mood, he may order a dozen or more in as many minutes. Over the past quarter of a century, Hirshhorn has amassed some 800 contemporary American paintings, more than half but two or three museums possess.

Hungry Seagulls. Hirshhorn's random net inevitably scoops up many second-rate paintings, but it also snares some splendid ones. Among his finest recent purchases is Philip Evergood's *American Shrimp Girl* (opposite). One of the most versatile draftsmen alive, Evergood took obvious delight in depicting the hungry seagulls that circle the girl's head, and contrasting their eager grace with the girl's heavy-limbed, foursquare pose.

Evergood's canvas is a New World extension of Hogarth's more modest hymn to feminine vitality, the 18th century *Shrimp Girl* in London's National Gallery. Where Hogarth suppressed all detail and strong color to concentrate on his model's glowing face, Evergood does the opposite. His girl is no prettier or more sensate-seeming than a doll, with chalky flesh and blaring costume. Yet she dominates her cluttered setting like a new, pagan deity, a personification of summertime on American shores.

Painter Evergood, a plump and tweedy 53, looks as quiet and gentle as Hirshhorn does quick and



COLLECTOR HIRSHHORN



PAINTER EVERGOOD

forceful. The impression is false. Manhattan-born Evergood was educated at Eton and Cambridge, but says he "wasn't fitted for that academic rah-rah stuff." He studied art in England, France and the U.S., came into his own with the Great Depression and the W.P.A. His choleric temperament led him to feel far left for a time, made him a top "proletarian painter" of the 1930s.

For a while thereafter, Evergood seemed to have been beached on the mudbank of the Depression. His bitterness began to have a period flavor, and fell from favor. But with his like-minded peers Jack Levine and Ben Shahn, Evergood has come back strong in recent years, steadily, if spottily, extending the range of his art. An Evergood show today is apt to run the gamut from gloomy realism through cartoon-style satire to exuberant fantasy, and to include some of the freshest and most skillful canvases of the season.

Easy Breathing. Hirshhorn's own story is as American as skyscrapers. A poor Brooklyn boy who did not finish high school, he started work on Wall Street at 14, made his first million at 28. "That's on record," he says happily, at 55, "and after the first million, it doesn't matter. You can only eat three meals a day—I tried eating four and I got sick. You can't sleep in more than one bed a night. Maybe I have 20 suits, but I can only wear one at a time, and I can't use more than two shirts a day. Money comes easy to me—like breathing. I want to do something useful with it."

Among Hirshhorn's plans for spending his money usefully is the building of a whole new town near his uranium holdings at Blind River, Canada. "This is going to be an esthetic town, laid out for growth," he says. "I've got a Henry Moore and I'm getting an Epstein, a big one, for the square. I'll have a museum there, too. Maybe the miners won't be different because of the beauty, but their kids will." For Manhattan, he is toying with the idea of starting "a salon where any artist could hang his paintings. Young guys can't be seen now. Maybe I'll put my own collection into the salon as a kind of permanent exhibit. Paintings belong to the public."



PHILIP EVERGOOD'S "THE AMERICAN SHRIMP GIRL"



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MILESTONES

Born. To Joan Naomi Benny, 20, adopted daughter of Comedians Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, and Seth Baker, 27, Manhattan stockbroker: their first child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: Michael. Weight: 6 lbs. 2 oz.

Married. Ilona Massey, 43, blonde, Budapest-born film and TV actress (*Reveries*, *Curtain Call*); and Donald S. Dawson, 46, lawyer and onetime administrative assistant to President Truman, quizzed by Senator Fulbright's subcommittee in 1951 about his connections with Washington influence peddlers and RFC loans; she for the fourth time, he for the second; in Juarez, Mexico.

Married. Betty Lawford, 44, stage and screen actress, famed as the luscious tropic who for a Broadway season languished in a foam bath in *The Women*; and Barry Buchanan, advertising and public relations executive; in Manhattan.

Married. Clark Gable, 54, durable Hollywood screen lover (*Mogambo*, *Soldier of Fortune*); and Kay Williams Spreckels, 37, onetime model and Hollywood starlet turned socialite millionaire; he for the fifth time (his most recent: British-born Sylvia Hawkes, onetime Lady Ashley, who divorced him in 1952), she for the fourth (her most recent: Sugar Heir Adolph Spreckels Jr., whom she divorced in 1952 after accusing him of beating her with her own slipper); in Minden, Nev.

Marriage Revealed. Sir Jacob Epstein, 76, famed New York City-born British sculptor, knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1954; and Mrs. Kathleen Garman, 50, his sometime secretary for 30 years, model for many of his most famous statues (e.g., *The Girl with the Gardenias*); both for the second time (his first wife died in 1947); in London; on July 8.

Died. Joseph Henry Jackson, 60, Sunday book editor and daily literary columnist for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, longtime radio commentator on books (*Bookman's Notebook*), anthologist (*Viking Portable Murder Book*), writer of fact-crime books (*Bad Company*) and California history (*Anybody's Gold*); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in San Francisco.

Died. Professor Vladimir Bonch-Bruvich, 82, so-so Russian writer (*Recollections of the October Revolution*), who advanced his Communist Party career as an expert on urban guerilla warfare, served Lenin faithfully as private secretary, survived purges and Stalin to become one of the U.S.S.R.'s oldest Old Bolsheviks; in Moscow.

Died. William O. Taylor, 84, longtime (since 1921) president and publisher of the *Boston Globe*, onetime (1934-35) vice president of the Associated Press; in Marion, Mass.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Is Inflation Coming?

Is the U.S. due for another puff of inflation? Last week, as a scattering of price increases showed up in the wake of the steel price increase two weeks ago, many a businessman feared that it was. Philco Corp. warned that high raw material and increased labor costs "are contributing to another round of higher production costs." Youngstown Kitchens announced a 10½% boost in factory prices. Dun & Bradstreet, which asked 1,104 businessmen what they intend to do about prices in the last quarter of this year, reported that 26% said they expected to raise them (in April, in answer to a similar question on third-quarter prospects, only 18% said they planned boosts).

In Detroit, automakers estimated that the General Motors and Ford wage increases, together with the higher steel price and an expected increase in the prices of parts, may add an average \$100 to the list price of a car.

Furthermore, an increasing number of businessmen were thinking of adding to their inventories, partly because of better business and partly because of the prospect of higher prices. Dun & Bradstreet reported that 35% of the businessmen questioned in a poll planned to carry bigger inventories (compared to 20% last April). The Department of Commerce noted that at the end of May, dollar value of manufacturers' inventories totaled \$43.6 billion, a one-month gain of \$300 million.

A Bargain. But many businessmen predicted a stable price level—or even a drop in some prices. Ben Moreell, chair-



Harold Corsini-Fokunt
STEELMAN MOREELL
A puff? Or a bargain?

man of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., last week called a press conference to 1) defend the steel price increase, and 2) argue that it would not necessarily lead to a general increase. Since early 1951, steel prices have gone up 23% but the general price index has declined 5.6%, partly because of lower food costs and partly because of improved manufacturing methods which cut retail price tags. Said Moreell: "We have had a stable price level for the past two years . . . Of it-

self, the wage settlement was neither inflationary nor deflationary. Improvements in methods may very well overbalance the costs of the wage increase. We call it improvement in production procedure . . . I happen to believe that steel is a hell of a bargain at the present price, and it need not affect the cost of living, though it may change some buying habits."

Price Cutters. The best argument against a general price increase is the fact that the greatly expanded U.S. industrial plant is turning out such a flood of goods that competition and price cutting seem bound to keep prices in line. Even though the list prices of cars, appliances and radios might rise, there is not much chance of an immediate rise in the price consumers actually pay. Autos were selling last week at anywhere from 15% to 25% under list prices, and even manufacturers were, in effect, cutting their prices to dealers by bonus plans.

But for all the pressures working to keep prices down, there were still some signals of possible trouble ahead. Consumer buying was still on the increase, and consumer debt was at an all-time high, reaching some \$32 billion in June 7. \$28.6 billion in June 1954. Consumers were also saving far less than a year ago. During the first quarter of 1955, individuals saved only \$1.7 billion, less than they had in any quarter since the middle of 1953. The industrial commodity index, which often foreshadows a retail rise, was edging up. Last week the Department of Labor reported that it was up to 116.2 (1947-49 equals 100), a seven-day gain of 0.4%, and the highest level the index has reached since the first half of 1951.

TIME CLOCK

HOWARD HUGHES is near agreement with Thomas O'Neil, president of General Tire's subsidiary, General Teleradio, Inc., on a deal for RKO pictures. O'Neil will pay \$22 million (\$13 million cash) for RKO's picture-making facilities plus its library of 700 films, use both movies and the studio in his TV business.

BOEING JET TRANSPORT will soon be in production for U.S. airlines. With an Air Force green light to build the airliner alongside its jet tanker, Boeing is dickering with both Pan American (for 25 planes) and United Air Lines (for 20 planes), expects to deliver the first jet by late 1958 at a price somewhere between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000.

FIRST ATOMIC POWER for U.S. commercial use will be sold by the AEC to New York's Niagara Mohawk Power Corp. Power will come from the AEC's land-based experimental submarine reactor at West Milton, N.Y., will drive a 10,000-kw. generator, supplying enough electricity to serve a city of 20,000. Cost to Mohawk: 3 mills

per kw-h, about the same as paper mills and shoe companies, which have small hydroelectric plants, charge local utilities for their excess power.

NEW SUPERLINER will be built by the French Line to replace its aging *Ile de France* and *Liberté*. The \$77 million ship will gross 53,000 tons, carry 2,007 passengers. First sailing: 1960.

FAIR-TRADE BATTLE is splitting state supreme courts. In Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, courts last week ruled in favor of fair trade (on cases involving General Electric and Bulova Watch Co.), thus making six (others: California, New Jersey, New York, Delaware) that have upheld the constitutionality of the 1952 McGuire Act. Five other state supreme courts (Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Michigan, Nebraska), plus some lower courts, have ruled against fair trade.

EAST COAST GAS WARS are forcing big producers to chop prices to retailers. With some Manhattan service stations selling gas as low as 15.8¢ per

gal, Socony Mobil, Esso Standard Oil and others have cut wholesale prices up to 5¢ per gal. in most of the seaboard marketing area from Maine to Washington, D.C., the first price reduction in nearly a year.

VOLKSWAGEN, which will turn out its 1,000,000th postwar car next month, is going into the middle-class market with a new de luxe model. Instead of the familiar, beetlelike lines, Volkswagen's Ghia Coupé car will have low, sporty lines, look something like Italy's swank (\$3,500 and up) Alfa Romeo. Price: \$1,785 in Germany.

APPLIANCE MERGER will join three big firms into a single company with assets of \$130 million. Under the deal, Whirlpool Corp. (home laundry equipment), Seeger Refrigerator Co. (freezers, etc.), and RCA's air-conditioning and appliance departments (stoves and air conditioners) will merge into a new firm to be called Whirlpool-Seeger Corp. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. owns a big stock interest in both Whirlpool and Seeger, currently markets many of their products.)

THE RAIDERS

Challenge to Management



Fred Lyon—Rapha Guillumetta
NORTON SIMON

An old phrase is gathering new meaning among U.S. businessmen. The phrase is "company raiding," but very few businessmen agree on a precise definition. Originally, the term was coined in the robber-baron days of the late 1800s and bore connotations of watered stock, rigged markets, stolen company assets. Today, some businessmen use the phrase to describe shrewd investors who snap up an undervalued company with the idea of liquidating it for a quick profit; others apply it to investors who take over such firms and ram through drastic changes to improve the properties and turn in bigger profits. The phrase has been applied to Robert R. Young, Louis Wolfson and Patrick McGinnis—to anyone, in fact, who starts a proxy fight, whether for good or ill, successful or unsuccessful, or who takes over a company.

BEANS & DIAMONDS

Last week the cry of "raid" made financial headlines in New York and Chicago.

Manhattan Financier WALTER W. WEISMANN, 64, chairman of the Aetna Industrial Corp., rocked Chicago's staid, old Libby, McNeill & Libby food-processing firm by claiming that a group of stockholders represented by him owns or controls some 1,500,000 of Libby's 3,600,000 shares of stock. Weismann thought that the company was doing poorly profit-wise, asked for changes in the board and a new board chairman. Libby President Charles S. Bridges refused, wrote stockholders that the management was preparing to fight "a raid upon this company." The stockholders' committee that Weismann represented promised a proxy fight to enforce its demands.

Manhattan Real-Estate Operator IRVING MAIDMAN, 57, turned up as a major stockholder in Tiffany's jewelry firm and demanded a place on the board of directors. Maidman claimed control of more than 26,000 of Tiffany's 132,451 shares, charged that the company had not earned what it should (11¢ a share in 1952, 1¢ in 1953), said the business could be improved. Tiffany's President Louis D. B. Moore, who with the Tiffany family and others claims to own more than 55,000 shares, flatly refused, and got ready for a proxy fight. Faced with a battle, Challenger Maidman last week changed his tune, started talking about selling his stock to a retail organization that would try to take over Tiffany's.

Behind the scenes, hundreds of other companies—in every industry—are changing hands. They are being taken over by a new breed of profit-minded investors, who are dissatisfied with professional managers (often owners of only a small stock interest) and want to direct the firms themselves. To some businessmen the new trend is bad; they call such investors "destructive opportunists," "mortuary millionaires" who kill off companies to pocket their assets. But to a good many other businessmen the take-over trend is all to the good. They argue that it is sparking a resurgence of stockholder interest in management, forcing management everywhere to work harder, improve operations, raise dividends. Said one raider: "We are conducting a counter-revolution to the inevitable excesses of the managerial revolution." Among the new counter-revolutionaries:

BEN W. HEINEMAN, 41, a Chicago lawyer, who with a group of associates recently spent 18 months secretly buying up stock in the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, finally waged a proxy fight to win control. When Heineman took over, M. & St. L. stock was selling at 24. He declared a one-third stock dividend; the stock is now 22.

Manhattan's LEOPOLD SILBERSTEIN, 51, who started out as a "professor of sick companies" in Germany during the 1920s, made his first U.S. raid by buying 75,000 shares (of 148,000 outstanding) in the small, shaky Pennsylvania Coal & Coke Corp. With that as a base, he diversified into gas and oil, went on to take over companies making cables, power shovels, and cranes (Industrial Brownhoist Corp.). With cash from his growing empire (now called Penn-Texas Corp.), he recently bought 80,000 shares of machine tool maker Niles-Bement-Fond, whose stock was selling a few points below the \$25 per-share value of its working capital. Silberstein eventually got 51% control and forcibly installed himself as president.

Manhattan's PENNROAD CORP., which has joined with other investors to raid and reorganize sick companies. In 1952 Pennroad with Harris Upham and others secretly started buying stock in South America Gold & Platinum Co., which had a cash kitty of \$4,000,000 (about 50% of its net worth), two years later had enough stock to oust the management. Last year Pennroad used South American's kitty to buy another gold company

with \$6,000,000 more in the till, then merged the two, diversified into cement and pipelines. As a result, South American's profits on 1955's first six months' gross are almost as high as for all of 1954. Another Pennroad venture, this time with South American Gold, buying the \$31 million National Department Stores chain, whose stock was selling at only \$13 a share, while the working capital per share was \$24.

Los Angeles' NORTON SIMON, 48, who built Hunt Foods into the country's fourth biggest canner of fruit and vegetables (1954 sales: \$66 million), has used his profits to move into other fields. In 1946 Simon went into Ohio Match, whose stock was selling at some \$2,500,000 below net worth. He had so many good ideas that the directors offered him a voice in company policy without a fight, saw their profits soar. Later, to get wood supplies for Ohio Match, he invested some of its cash in the Northern Pacific Railroad, which had big timber tracts, turned up with control of 14% of the stock. He won a seat on the board, forced a change in the way the company was leasing its oil lands, later sold most of Ohio Match's holdings for a fat profit. Simon also moved in and got control of Harbor Plywood Corp. and Wesson Oil, is now going into the McCall publishing company. In each case, he calls his operations "a technical service to management," rarely fights for complete control unless the company scorns his ideas.

DEATH & TAXES

The new take-over groups occasionally set their sights on giants, but more often they choose their targets among the hundreds of second-echelon firms. Many of them are companies on the New York stock exchange whose stock is selling below the per-share value of their working capital. Thus, if such a company were liquidated, stockholders would be paid more in cash than the market price of their stock.

At times, an investor need not even go into the open market to pick up an undervalued company. The owners themselves may be only too glad to sell out. High corporation taxes may block further company growth; competition from big-



BEN HEINEMAN



LEOPOLD SILBERSTEIN



WALTER WEISMANN



IRVING MAIDMAN

ger firms may be slicing off once-secure markets. In one-man companies, stiff inheritance taxes may worry the founder-owner; he is glad to sell out rather than pass on the business to his heirs, who in turn may be forced into a crash sale to pay death taxes.

When raiders have to fight for a company, they buy stock secretly, spread purchases over a period of months to avoid boosting stock prices. The stock is usually registered in a broker's name, so that the raid is kept dark until the raiders are ready to pounce.

LIQUIDS & POWDERS

Sometimes raiders buy barely enough stock to wangle a seat on the board of directors. More often, they shoot for working control. Once they win, they may make any move to make the company show a profit; they may merge, reorganize, diversify, even liquidate the firm entirely, and split the assets. In 1948, for example, Manhattan's Graham Newman Corp. paid out \$47.50 a share for some 70,000 shares of Atlantic Gulf and West Indies Steamship Lines, a holding company for two small Caribbean shipping firms. Graham Newman tried operating the company for five years before it finally gave up. By selling out, Graham Newman got the equivalent of \$17 a share for its stock, for an overall profit of almost \$5,000,000 on the deal.

The mere possibility of a raid can mean expensive trouble for an entrenched management. Last year a financier named Hyman Soboloff tried to buy up New Jersey's Dixon Crucible Co., 128-year-old manufacturer of pencils and other graphite products, for \$70 a share, some \$17 a share less than the net quick assets of the company. Dixon's management formed a committee to buy up the company's stock themselves, got help from the employees and the employees' credit union. The company thwarted Soboloff, but it and the employees had to spend more than \$500,000 to do so. Another company, New York's Honduras Rosario Mining, was faced with the same situation. It used its cash reserves to buy off a group of raiders led by a Manhattan lawyer named Leonard Sheriff, who had bought a substantial block of the stock and de-

manded liquidation; the company bought the raiders off by paying them up to double their original stock-purchase price at a cost of nearly 50% of the company's working capital.

CATALYST IN CHICAGO

The man who has probably used takeover tactics to best advantage is Chicago's J. PATRICK LANNAN, 50, a silver-haired, nimble-tongued Irishman (see PRESS). He made a killing in the '30s by buying up joint stock land bank bonds, when no one wanted them, for as little as 10¢ or 15¢ apiece, sold them out at peak prices of up to \$150. Then he did the same with utility bonds, used the cash to start taking over companies.

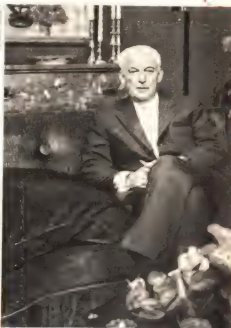
Since 1944, Lannan and his associates have bought at least 18 companies through raids, often reorganized their managements from top to bottom, and insist that in each case they have helped the company. One of Lannan's biggest coups was in International Telephone & Telegraph. After I.T.T. President Sosthenes Behn heard that a group was trying to get control, he called in Lannan to see if he knew any of the group. Lannan did, and was able to win a compromise that landed him on the board and made him the strong man of the corporation.

In 1952 Lannan bought the stand-pat Western Railroad Supply Co., which makes 90% of all railroad-crossing gates, pushed it into new fields, *e.g.*, an automatic parking lot with a coin-machine gate, to expand its markets. Since then he has taken over the Automatic Canteen Co. and New Orleans' McWilliams Dredging Co., bought Denver's molybdenum-refining S. W. Shattuck Chemical Co., helped Promoter Arnold Johnson buy the Yankee Stadium and the Kansas City Athletics Baseball club, and reorganized several small utility and railroad companies around Chicago, including the Chicago North Shore railroad, which he hopes to turn into an investment company, with good use of the losses on its books through tax savings.

Like Los Angeles' Norton Simon, investor Lannan dislikes open warfare, has never been in a proxy fight. But he is still tough enough to bull his way into almost

any company with a sleepy management. Sometimes he negotiates with a company from the start; but often he prefers to buy control, then send the officers a polite note asking for a meeting. The management is first stunned, then outraged. It does no good. Lannan is in. He also claims that stockholders in his companies have benefited proportionately. Chicago's North Shore Gas Co. stock has zoomed from around \$22 a share in 1949, when he took over, to nearly \$80 a share.

By any name, company raiding or company revitalizing, Chicago's Pat Lannan thinks that his operations—and those of many other raiders—are good for U.S. business. With stiffer competition and the new stockholder interest, he says, a much stronger business management is growing up. Executives who are tuned to stockholder desires are faster to expand into promising new fields, less likely to hoard capital against some distant and unlikely rainy day. Says Raider Lannan: "Raider" is a negative word coined by the frightened managers. "For every Bob Young-New York Central fight and every Wolfson-Montgomery Ward fight there are thousands of management changes going on today. Every management change sets off the reorganization of still other companies. This is a rebellion of the owners."



J. PATRICK LANNAN

RAILROADS

Trouble for McGinnis

Blarney-loving Patrick B. McGinnis, who took over the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad 15 months ago with a barrage of promises of bigger profits, better trains and a new deal for commuters, last week was up to his ears in trouble. Items:

Q A New Haven express, 20 minutes late out of New York and bound for Boston, roared into a sharp curve near Bridgeport at high speed and jumped the tracks, killing the engineer and injuring 24 people. Luckily, the conductor had just moved passengers out of the first five coaches, otherwise the toll might have been disastrous. Service on the New Haven's main line was snarled for five days while commuters rode to work by bus or detouring trains running up to an hour late. At week's

BUSINESS ABROAD

Lights On in Greece

In Athens last week, a simple ceremony took place to mark a great step forward in the industrialization of Greece. There, operation of a new electric-power system, with three hydroelectric power plants, one lignite plant, and 4,300 miles of transmission lines, was turned over to the Greek government by Manhattan's Ebasco Services, which had designed and built the system. Said Ebasco's Harvey Breckenridge, onetime vice president of Pittsburgh's West Penn Power Co., who supervised construction: "It's the first time in history that a nation has had a power system in such a short time."

The five-year-old project, which boosted Greece's power output from 170,000 kw. to 345,000 kw., was an outstanding example of international cooperation. Of

to throw away their olive-oil lamps. At the same time, Greece, which was badly mauled by two invasions and a Communist-led civil war, will have electricity to operate the machine tools and irrigation pumps that will power new factories, water old fields, help give the country a higher standard of living.

AUTOS

Safety Straps

Traffic safety experts, whose studies show that seat belts in automobiles can reduce deaths and injuries on the highway, won a victory last week in Illinois. Governor William Stratton, who has been strapping himself and Mrs. Stratton into the seat of his Cadillac since last fall, signed the first U.S. law requiring new cars, after next July 1, to be equipped (i.e., with frame holes) so that seat belts can be fastened to the frame. In Detroit, Ford Motor Co. last week followed Chrysler's lead by making seat belts available to dealers as optional equipment for all post-1951 models (price \$11.95 each).

Seat belts drastically reduce the most common causes of death or injury in accidents: being thrown from a car, mutilated by hitting the windshield and dashboard, crushed against the steering wheel.

REAL ESTATE

Mr. Brady's Dream House

To make room for a veterans' hospital near Cleveland in 1949, the Veterans Administration bought 14 big houses in a choice suburban section. Among them was the nine-bedroom, three-story home of Alexander Brady, a retired Erie Railroad executive who had paid \$12,000 for the house in 1943, sold it to the Government for \$31,500. (Since appraised at \$67,857.) Brady and neighbors were allowed to rent their homes on a month-to-month basis "until such time as the premises are . . . actually needed for purpose for which purchased." Later, the VA changed its mind about building the hospital, continued to rent the houses.

Recently, the VA made a surprising discovery: while 13 of the tenants were paying rents in line with the prevailing level, Brady was not. The VA had signed a contract with Brady to accept \$1 from him "in full payment of all rental during the term of occupancy." Just how this had happened, the VA did not know. Last week the Government brought suit to evict Brady. At week's end Brady, 60, was unruled by the suit, looked forward to a ripe, rent-free old age.

AGRICULTURE

Good Year, Big Bill

The first comprehensive estimate of this year's farm crop was announced last week by the Department of Agriculture with a note of dismay. Though wheat, cotton and corn acreage had been cut in the hope of trimming some 5% from the huge U.S. farm surplus, this year's crop is still expected to be the second biggest



NEW HYDROELECTRIC PLANT AT AGRA, GREECE
When the stove went on, the radio stopped.

end Massachusetts State Representative James L. O'Dea Jr. demanded a state investigation to find out if economy-minded President McGinnis' 22% maintenance cut (from \$44 million to \$34 million) had anything to do with the wreck. In New Haven a McGinnis spokesman insisted that the cuts were on branch lines only, in no way affected the New Haven's heavily traveled main tracks.

Q A commuter revolt against McGinnis' decision to charge \$5.50 a month for parking privileges at most New Haven suburban stations (TIME, July 4) had him on the run. At first, when commuters objected, President McGinnis snapped angrily that he was not running "the Ford Foundation," and added: "Because I want to charge a lousy five bucks, people act as though I've torn up the tracks." Last week he realized that such cracks were "a public-relations blunder." He postponed indefinitely the Norwalk parking fee, scheduled a series of meetings to mollify the New Haven's commuters.

the \$115 million total cost, 27% came from U.S. aid funds, 30% from Italian war-reparations payments, the remaining 43% from Greek funds. Equipment came from all over Europe, e.g., the 3,500 steel transmission towers were made in Italy, the generators came from Switzerland.

The project was badly needed. In 1950, per capita consumption was 50 kw-h compared with neighboring Italy's 600 kw-h. Electricity was so scarce that when an Athens housewife used her electric stove, radios went dead and clocks went off.

The new system will not bring power into every corner of Greece's 50,000 square miles, an area about the size of Florida. But last week one of the first acts of the Greek Public Power Corp. was to ask Breckenridge and some of the 66 U.S. technicians on his staff to stay on a while longer, supervise the building of two more plants that will add another 150,000 kw. to the system in the next three years.

When the expansion is completed, 5,000 Greek towns and villages will be able



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in history, and the biggest since record 1948. Most farmers have lived up to their word, cut their acreage of "basic" crops as directed. But farmers, who have seen their products decline 23.5% in price in four years, did not let the land lie fallow. Instead, they put other crops into the ground. As a result, they may well produce the largest soybean crop on record, oats production will come close to setting a new high, and the sorghum crop may also reach a new peak.

Furthermore, good weather and fewer insects pushed the yields up for most crops. Corn farmers were well on their way towards producing an estimated 3,449,667,000 bushels, 16% more than last year's drought-affected crop.

At the prospect of the big harvest, prices went down. Cotton sold for about 34¢ a lb., 11¢ less than it was four years ago, while wheat sold for less than \$2.15 a bushel, off more than 85¢ in some eight years. Last year, even with parts of the nation suffering from a drought, the Department of Agriculture had to buy \$7,198,000,000 worth of surplus commodities under the price-support program. This year, it looked as if the bill would be still higher.

FOREIGN TRADE

The Vanishing Chemicals

Many millions of dollars worth of U.S.-made strategic items slip behind the Iron Curtain each year. For some the Reds will pay three times the current U.S. price.

Early last year the West German firm of Peter Meyns bought sodium bichromate and potassium bichromate (used in tanning leather) and paraffin wax from the U.S., had the chemicals shipped to West Germany. The Glasgow firm of Arbuckle, Smith & Co., a topnotch forwarding outfit which ships most of the Scotch whisky to the U.S., then stepped in and bought the consignment. Shortly afterward, the U.S. Commerce Dept. charged that Arbuckle, Smith had shipped the chemicals to Red China, where they would bring \$100,000, or almost double their U.S. price. The Bureau of Foreign Commerce asked Arbuckle, Smith why it had made the transshipment without asking U.S. permission, thus violating the U.S. Export Control Act.

The firm refused to answer, and the chemicals continued flowing to China. Last April the Commerce Department suspended Peter Meyns from U.S. trading privileges, but Arbuckle, Smith ignored the warning. Last week the U.S. announced the suspension of Arbuckle, Smith from all U.S. trading privileges; the first British forwarding firm to be so treated.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Captain Charles R. Titus, 59, and John L. Titus, his 28-year-old son, made their first and last commercial flight together as pilot and copilot of a Pan American World Airways flight from New York to London. Captain Titus, who will retire in



United Press
PAN AM'S TITUS & SON
Their first was their last.

August to serve as an International Cooperation Administration technical adviser in Turkey, has logged 20,000 hours in transatlantic flight since joining Pan American in 1932, set an airline record of eight hours, 55 minutes for the New York-London flight in 1949.

Warren Lee Pierson, 58, succeeded Belgium's Camille Gutt as president of the International Chamber of Commerce. Globe-hopping board chairman of Trans World Airlines since 1947, Pierson has been an effective advocate of lower tariffs and reciprocal trade as head of the ICC's United States Council. He was a World War I artillery lieutenant in France, graduated from Harvard Law School in 1922, served the Government as RFC counsel (1933), president of the Export-Import Bank (1936-44), and U.S. delegate to the 1951-52 conference on Germany's \$6 billion foreign debt. As 17th (and fifth American) president of the ICC, Internationalist Pierson will push for economic integration of Western Europe.

William Lee Sims II, 58, was elected president of Colgate-Palmolive Co., succeeding Joseph H. McConnell, 49, who resigned (TIME, May 16) and joined Reynolds Metals Co. as general counsel and director. Alabama-born, Sims went to work for Colgate as a salesman in 1924, started the company's Italian subsidiary in 1927, three years later took charge of Colgate's ten European subsidiaries. In 1940 Sims was named assistant to President E. H. Little (now board chairman and chief executive officer), later headed OPA's chemical and drug unit in Washington, became a Colgate vice president in 1945, and in 1953 first president of the newly organized Colgate-Palmolive International, which in 1954 sold \$162,500,000 worth of goods abroad. New International president is Ralph A. Hart, who has been its vice president in charge of European sales and advertising.



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The Censors

¶ The Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court ruled that the state's censorship law (part of the Puritans' 300-year-old Sunday blue laws) is unconstitutional. "void on its face as a prior restraint on the freedom of speech and the press." The decision resulted from a suit by Brattle Films, Inc. when state censors refused to allow Sunday showings of Sweden's *Miss Julie*. ("The girl in it is illegitimate; how would you like for your sister to see a film about an illegitimate girl?" a censor asked a theater manager.)

¶ The U.S. District Court in Atlanta ruled that City Censor Christine Gilliam overstepped her authority when she banned *The Blackboard Jungle* apparently because the film depicted white and Negro students attending the same school.

¶ Distributors Corp. of America, producers of the film version of *I Am a Camera*, John Van Druten's 1951 stage play about a frankly promiscuous girl, was holding its pocketbook and its breath, waiting for a seal of approval from Hollywood's Production Code Administration. Filmed in England, the picture stars Julie Harris, who is called upon to utter such lines as "I might not be exactly what some people consider a virgin . . . but I've been chaste—chased by every man," and "What shall we do first—have a drink or go to bed?" Said the Distributors Corp. "We hope that the Johnston office will realize that this is just part of a psychological study of a mixed-up girl and should be shown."

¶ M-G-M's is trying to clean up the homosexual theme in *Tea and Sympathy* by making the young hero—who suffers doubts about his manhood—simply "off-beat," i.e., nonconformist. However, Cinematograph Deborah Kerr is already reported as saying that she will walk out on the picture if the consummation scene with the hero is not left in.

¶ M-G-M's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, will be fixed up by Studio Boss Dore Schary. Schary's fix: the relationship of the younger brother to a homosexual football captain will be changed to simple hero worship.

¶ Producer Otto Preminger, working on Nelson Algren's *Man with the Golden Arm* (about a drug addict), announced that he may release his film without the Production Code seal. Explained one Hollywood observer: "You can't reduce a narcotics addict to an offbeat type."

The New Pictures

The Shrike (Universal-International), adapted from Joseph Kramm's coldly furious Pulitzer Prizewinning play (TIME, Jan. 28, 1952), is both colder and angrier than it was on the stage. As a Broadway hit, it was a protesting shocker about an intelligent but morally weak man, who summons enough resolution to try suicide, only to revive in the white hell of a big-city hospital's psychiatric ward. Ably di-

rected by Co-Star José Ferrer, the film protests not only against municipal snake pits but also against another unattractive institution—marriage between crutchlike women and emotionally crippled men.

A black-masked bird with unsavory instincts, the shrike impales its prey on a thorn. In human form, the impaler is Ann Downs (tautly played by June Allyson), the impaled victim is husband Jim (Ferrer), the thorn their marriage. In

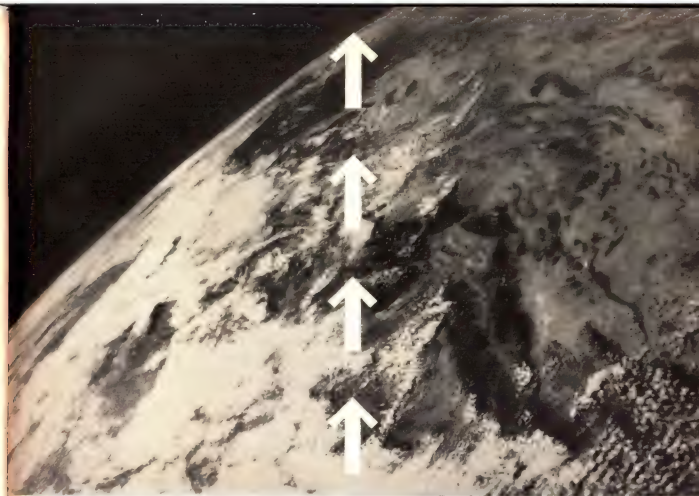


ALLYSSON & FERRER
The apron strings hold.

flashbacks, the wife is shown mothering and dominating docile Jim. When his theatrical career crumbles for want of ever more inner props, Jim tries, in despair, to attach himself to another woman (Joy Page). But her reluctance to play Mom finally drives him to a jar of sleeping pills.

From a fellow inmate in the hospital, where the craziest are happiest, Jim learns the reverse twist of an old common-law principle as applied to madness: "They don't have to prove that you are. You have to prove that you're not." Trying to prove his sanity, Jim nearly topples off the brink of reason. He is pushed toward the edge by the inquisitions of the psychiatrists, and by the maddening knowledge that Ann will let him rot in asylums unless he returns to her arms alone. At last, all yearnings for independence crushed, any chances of even loosening the apron strings gone, he spews a false confession that is a frightening travesty of a Soviet purge trial. Pleased that their patient again realizes his need for a protective wife, the psychiatrists let Jim go from the city's custody to Ann's.

Sensitively written, directed and acted, *The Shrike* is a depressing experience but will probably rank on many counts as one of the year's outstanding movies. Like a long-burning fuse, it mounts a harrowing



where

the

future

begins



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San Francisco 19

suspense throughout. But with the woeful situation still sizzling grimly at the end, some may feel cheated of a relieving explosion.

The **Cobweb** (M-G-M) shows how a well-run psychiatric clinic turns into a bedlam simply because good, greying Dr. Richard Widmark is indifferent to his pouting wife, Gloria Grahame. The fireworks start over a set of new draperies for the patients' library. Gloria, embarked on a rare good deed to impress her husband, decides to buy some expensive new ones. This upsets crotchety Lillian Gish, business manager of the clinic, who has her irascible eye fixed on some bargain cotton. Even worse, the clinic therapist, Lauren Bacall, has already promised Problem-Patient John Kerr that he can design the new draperies himself.

Out of this minor skirmish grows an increasing uproar that causes the ruin of Dr. Charles Boyer, titular head of the clinic, disrupts the budding romance between Widmark and Bacall, drives most of the inmates into an all-night binge, and sends hysterical John Kerr off to the river, bent on suicide. By this time, moviegoers have difficulty distinguishing the sane from the unbalanced.

Though failing in its overall effect, **Cobweb** has in its favor some sharply etched scenes, e.g., the dramatic clash of wills between Patient Kerr and Dr. Widmark during an analytic session. Veteran Lillian Gish, as a wig-wearing termagant determined to be on the winning side in any quarrel, gives the most stylish performance in the film.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Mr. Roberts. First-rate retelling of the long-run Broadway hit about life aboard a Navy supply ship; with Henry Fonda, James Cagney (TIME, July 18).

Summertime. Katharine Hepburn finds love and gentle heartbreak in Venice; with Rossano Brazzi (TIME, June 27).

The Seven Year Itch. Though the ads promise more fun than the picture delivers, Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell help Director Billy Wilder make George Axelrod's comedy a fairly engaging romp (TIME, June 13).

Hiroshima. A propaganda-heavy but harrowing Japanese-made film about the atomic destruction of a living city (TIME, May 23).

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb; with Victor Mature, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 16).

Heartbreak Ridge. The infantryman's ordeal in Korea, as experienced by a green French lieutenant and sharply recorded by Director Jacques Dupont (TIME, May 9).

Marty. The love story of a "very good butcher"; well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).



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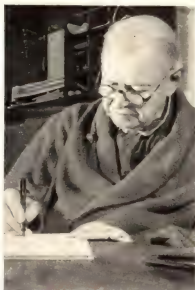
BOOKS

Life with Grandfather

GRANDFATHER STORIES—Samuel Hopkins Adams—Random House (\$3.50).

Samuel Hopkins Adams is the author of some 50 books ranging from a scandalously sensational novel of the early '20s about President Harding's secret love life and his death to a judicious biography of his late friend Alexander Woolcott. He started writing as an ace reporter for the famed New York Sun of the '90s, then became one of the leading muckrakers of the Teddy Roosevelt era. Later he turned out a whole series of popular romances, one of which, *Flaming Youth*, trademarked a generation. Finally, from his ancestral seat in New York's Finger Lakes district, he knocked off a succession of York State historical novels. Now, at 84, Sam Adams displays his tireless versatility anew in an amusing collection of sketches written out of his boyhood recollections. *Grandfather Stories*, most of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, is the Book-of-the-Month Club's midsummer selection.

The spiritliest of these stories center around Grandfather Myron Adams, a patriarchally bearded forebear who was born in the late 18th century, helped build the Grand Erie Canal, and on occasion proved altogether willing to relate the bizarre hazards and furies of pre-Civil War life in the very language of those wonderful, distant days. His racy and ebullient yarns of plugging canal leaks, spiriting runaway slaves along the underground railway, and



Lilly Jess—Block Star

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

A hoodlasher among the huncmunca, keeping books for a traveling circus are crammed with theologasters, dawpluckers, makebates, hoodledashers and such archaic huncmunca. His grandson's version of baseball in the Abner Doubleday country may not be so uproarious as James Thurber's rowdy recollections of the game in Columbus, Ohio. But his saga of Hop Bitters ("The Invalid's Friend & Hope"—alcoholic content: 40%), which Patent-

Medicine Man Asa T. Soule of Rochester put over by promoting a baseball team and a hilariously crooked sculling championship, invites comparison with Thurber's immortal tribute to the life-preserving elixirs concocted by Aunt Margery Albright. This book is good fun for summer readers, especially for those who remember.

Ulysses from Yorkshire

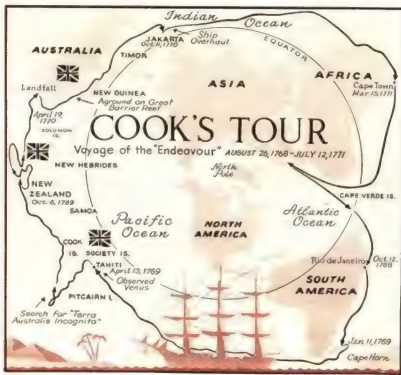
CAPTAIN COOK AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC (269 pp.)—John Gwyther—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50).

As the sullen waters spumed in white fury along the Great Barrier Reef, steely, hidden fingers of coral dug into the bottom of the *Endeavour* and the hearts of every man aboard. Ordinarily, 18th century seamen panicked fast. Most of them were too superstitious to learn how to swim; they felt it would only prolong the agony of drowning. The only rule of shipwreck and death was to loot the liquor supplies and drink oneself insensible in the short time left to live.

Not so the crew of Captain Cook. Under his nerveless, hypnotic brown eyes, the men heaved 50 tons of equipment overboard, worked the pumps until they dropped, and strained mightily at the capstan so that on the second high tide, the *Endeavour* was pulled free. Even then the ship would have sunk to the bottom if Cook had not been canny—and humble—enough to accept a timid midshipman's suggestion that he draw a dung-and-oakum-smear sail under the ship and over a shattered spit in the bottom. Pressure clotted the sail to the hole, and the *Endeavour* and her men were saved. Though the East Australia coast was only 25 miles away, Cook's wisdom, the midshipman's wit, and even the crew's will were undoubtedly sharpened by the knowledge that another ship was not likely to be coming their way for the rest of the century.

The *Transit of Venus*. It is the story of the first and greatest of Cook's tours which John Gwyther, a wartime Royal Navy officer, tells in *Captain Cook and the South Pacific*. A three-year circumnavigation of the globe (1768-71), Cook's voyage added Australia, New Zealand and a number of South Pacific isles to the then known world. Narrated by Author Gwyther with seadog relish, authority and profound professional admiration, Cook's epic journeyings have the fascination of an *Odyssey* from Yorkshire.

James Cook was a farmer's son, the sixth or seventh of nine—his mother was never quite sure which. A grocer's apprentice as a boy, he later manned coal barges, enlisted in the Royal Navy and worked his way up, most notably as a cartographer in Wolfe's campaign up the St. Lawrence against Quebec. Cook was 40 when he was chosen to skipper the *Endeavour*. By London's top scientists, the Fellows of the Royal Society and the Admiralty, he was handed a twofold mission: 1) he was to sail to Tahiti and observe the transit of Venus "over the



Time Map by J. Donagan



NAVY GETS DEVICE TO PINPOINT LANDINGS

Landing Craft to Have Means of Precise Navigation

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

The real news in the above headline warrants explanation—unless you've ever taken part in a beachhead assault with fog, darkness or smokescreen blotting out every trace of visibility.

■ Imagine yourself in command of a landing craft—one of dozens making an attack run on a hostile beach. You must stay on your own exact course or you'll run down—or be run down by—your sister ships. Or, worse yet, you may miss your designated spot on the beach, causing confusion and possible disaster to the operation. It's a neat trick under any con-

dition! And until now, it had to be done entirely on directions from an unreliable magnetic compass.

■ How do you determine and hold an absolute course at sea? There is only one trustworthy way and that's with a Gyro-Compass—unaffected by magnetic disturbances. And, since 1911, such Gyro-Compasses developed by Sperry have guided the greatest ships of the seas. But where on a 36-foot landing craft would you put a Sperry Gyro-Compass standing 4 feet high, and weighing 900 pounds?

■ Working with the Navy's Bureau of Ships' engineers, Sperry solved the problem by developing an entirely new Gyro-

Compass, especially for the purpose. It weighs 9 pounds instead of 900—is just 9 inches in diameter—and costs but a fraction of the amount of the larger compasses. And all without sacrificing Sperry precision. Development of this new Mark 22 Gyro-Compass is typical of many ways Sperry aids the military in their search for greater effectiveness, greater economy.

■ It's typical, too, of Sperry's developments that aid commerce and industry. For when the Navy's immediate needs are met, Sperry's Marine Division will make this new compass available to commercial shipping—putting Sperry precision navigation within reach of even the smallest ships.

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No need to long for a good cup of coffee—no matter where you are in the world. Not when you can pack along New Instant Chase & Sanborn. This New Full-Bodied Instant makes truly satisfying breakfast coffee!

P. S. Boiling water is best, but you can make New Instant Chase & Sanborn Coffee with hot tap water, in a pinch.



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AROMATIC BITTERS

Works Wonders with Foods

disk of the sun"; 2) he was to search out "Terra Australis Incognita," a vast body of land presumed to extend westward from the tip of South America because it was theoretically necessary to counteract the weight of the Northern Hemisphere and so keep the world on an even keel. French explorers like Bougainville were looking for the same territory, and the idea was to claim it for George III first.

Timorodee Patoo-Patoo. The expedition had smooth sailing until it hit Tierra del Fuego. There, an overzealous scientific party of twelve, bent on collecting hundreds of new botanical specimens, got ambushed by a howling snowstorm and lost two men. The survivors staggered back to the ship after a ration of three mouthfuls of fresh vulture, "each man given his share, raw, to cook as he pleased."

After the icy blasts and terrors of Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn, sun-drenched Tahiti, laziness in the trade winds, seemed a double paradise. The island girls proved eager for the transports, if not the trans-... of Venus. To Cook's 18th century mind, it was a matter of their being noble savages "who have not even the idea of indecency" but did have early know-how: "In other countries the girls and unmarried women are supposed to be wholly ignorant of what others upon occasions may appear to know . . . but here it is just contrary. Among other diversions, there is a dance, called *Timorodee*, which is performed by the young girls . . . consisting of motions and gestures beyond imagination wanton." With a wife and children waiting in England, Cook did not say in his famous journal whether he resisted the wanton spell of the Tahitian women, although he got close enough to note that "their breath [was] perfectly without taint."

The next batch of natives, the brave and cannibalistic Maoris of New Zealand, breathed fire. In full fighting regalia, they would yell from their war canoes: "Come to us, come on shore and we will kill you all with our *patoo-patoos*!" While the Maoris did not brain any of Cook's men with their *patoo-patoos* (war clubs), Cook got rattled for a rare moment during a sudden Maori foray and ordered his men to open fire. Four of the tribesmen were killed, to the kindly Cook's lasting regret.

Tot of Juice. In Australia he made a more amusing error. Spotting a strange new hopping animal, he asked the aborigines about it, was answered with the word "*Kangaroo*," and never learned that the word meant "I don't understand you." After the near shipwreck on the Great Barrier Reef, the *Endeavour* was badly in need of a drydock, and Cook put in at Jakarta (then Batavia). The two-month stay salvaged the ship but wrecked the crew. Seven men died of malaria and dysentery in the field port, another two dozen on shipboard as the *Endeavour* limped her solitary way around South Africa, back to the Thames and into the history books.

Of 94 men who embarked on the expedition, only 56 lived to tell about

The weight you want—and how sugar helps you hold it!

It is your appetite that regulates your weight

But if you are healthy your blood sugar level helps to control your appetite

You are hungriest, and most apt to overeat, when your blood sugar level is low

When it is *high* you're more quickly satisfied on less food

The food that raises your blood sugar level the fastest is sugar itself



Recent nutritional findings give new importance to sugar and the good foods and beverages that contain it

Summertime is the time when we use the most sugar—in energy-refreshing soft drinks, in ice cream, in glasses of iced tea, on breakfast berries and in fresh fruit desserts.

It is also the season when nature herself puts more sugar in these same sun-ripened fruits and in garden-fresh vegetables—the same kind of sugar she puts in sugar cane and sugar beets.

Yet this is the time of year when most people find it easier to shed surplus pounds.

Science has just recently given us the reason. Sugar plays a part in the healthy body's own weight control system.

Helps prevent overeating

Sugar is known as a quick-energy food because it raises your blood sugar level almost immediately. Now research scientists have found that the blood sugar level also helps to regulate appetite.

When your blood sugar level is *low* you get hungry. That's your body-call for energy. When you eat, your blood sugar level goes up. When it reaches a certain point your hunger is "turned off." You find it's easy to turn down extra helpings that lead to extra weight.

This explains why your summertime use of sugar helps you to stay satisfied on lighter summer meals.

What if you're gaining weight?

Scientists also found that people get hungry *more often* during the time when they are actually gaining weight than they do when they're maintaining weight. This is the reason many of the newer reducing diets *purposely* include sugar. Used in "scientific nibbles" it raises the blood sugar level and helps to quickly curb a runaway appetite.

These "scientific nibbles" are made a part of your regular morning and afternoon "energy break." It might be a bottle or glass of your favorite sugar-containing soft drink, a cookie, a piece of candy—or sugar in your coffee or tea. A level teaspoonful contains only 18 calories—can help you cut several times as many calories from the next meal.

How about artificial sweeteners?

After almost a year of study, the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council reported: "There is no clear justification for the use of artificial sweeteners by the general public as a weight reduction procedure."

This authoritative report, in supporting the use of sugar, emphasized, as "especially pertinent" "the desirability of meeting the nutritional needs of the people by the use of natural foods."

Sugar, nature's own pure-food sweetener, makes an important contribution to those nutritional needs.

18 CALORIES

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar! People are asked (including some on diets) guzzled from 50 to 600. You'll normally use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar every 75 minutes!



All facts in this message apply to both cane and beet sugar.

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it. Remarkably, not a man died of scurvy—the first of the achievements which, in Author Gwyther's view, set Cook apart in the annals of marine history. A devout believer in antiscorbutics (the acids which prevent scurvy), Cook would even flog a man who failed to down his tot of "insipidated juice of wort." It was about the only time Cook ever did fall back on physical punishment. In an age of Draconian discipline (lashing with the cat-o'-nine-tails, ducking, keelhauling) and brutalitarians like Captain Bligh,* Cook treated his men with humanity and fair play. Nor did his rare talents stop at shipside. His enlightened dealings with the South Pacific natives were a good century and a half ahead of his time. His maps and navigational observations on the South Pacific were so accurate that Author Gwyther found them still useful off the Great Barrier Reef as late as World War II. Cook was to go on two more voyages and be slain and dismembered by Hawaiian natives (in 1779), but not before he explained in a letter the heroic, globe-spanning drive behind the modest Yorkshire mien: "[I] . . . had ambition not only to go farther than any man had ever been before, but as far as it was possible for a man to go."

Let's Murder Father

A TALE FOR MIDNIGHT (354 pp.)
—Frederic Prokosch—Little, Brown (\$3.95).

Beautiful Beatrice Cenci, daughter of one of Rome's proudest 16th century families, had just taken her first lover. The scene: a heap of empty sacks in the wine cellar. The man: her father's steward. "Time passed. She heard the drops clicking rhythmically from a spigot. The smell of wine, the scent of burlap, the pungent scent of Olimpio—they wove a dark separate world, safe, secret, profound." How profound or how secret Beatrice's new world really was is something for historians to argue about. But safe it clearly was not. Less than two years later, while a great crowd of Romans looked on, she laid her lovely head on a chopping block, and it was lopped off with a single stroke of the executioner's ax.

Beatrice was not beheaded for her affair with Olimpio, but for the murder of her wealthy father. Just before, her stepmother's head had tumbled from the same block. And just after, her brother Giacomo, already tortured with red-hot pincers, had his head smashed with an iron hammer, his throat slit, and his body quartered. Lover Olimpio, who had actually polished off Francesco with the help of a hired assassin, was not there that day. He had been murdered not long before.

Rotter's Rotter. The Cenci story has fascinated writers for more than three centuries. Plays, poems, novels and histories have dealt with its dark and bloody



NOVELIST PROKOSCH
The ladies lost their heads.

theme, and still, as in Frederic Prokosch's new novel, *A Tale for Midnight*, it has a surefire appeal that does not suffer from retelling. Author Prokosch has a hankering for the exotic and the violent (*Night of the Poor, The Seven Who Fled*). In the Cenci tale, he has contented himself with sticking pretty close to the facts. But he has given them a rich setting of sounds and smells and the look of 16th century Italy that make *A Tale for Midnight* one of the most sensuous novels to appear in many seasons.

Some would say that Francesco Cenci richly deserved to die. Taking his wife and daughter from their palace in Rome, he had shut them up in the lonely castle of La Petrella on the Naples road. There they remained for months, imprisoned victims of Cenci's brutality and suspicions. By any standards, Cenci was a rotter's rotter. Gross and vulgar as he was rich, he had been convicted of sodomy in the papal courts and paid the enormous fine of 100,000 scudi. His debaucheries were the talk of a Rome that was no stranger to excesses.

Revealing Rack. Lucrezia, his second wife, was running to fat, dull and fearful, a natural target for his abuse. Not Beatrice. As the papal prosecutor pieced it together, she decided to kill her father and persuaded mother Lucrezia and brother Giacomo to cooperate. Big, powerful Olimpio agreed to do the killing for his mistress and a messy job it was. The family explanation that Cenci had fallen to his death through a rickety balcony was too easily disproved, and even Pope Clement VIII refused to temper justice with mercy. Beatrice, Lucrezia and Giacomo all confessed, though modern justice might question the worth of confessions extracted by torture on the rack.

Novelist Prokosch takes no sides, is almost astringent in telling the historic tale. His Beatrice is a cool customer, vic-

* Who served on Cook's third expedition as his sailing-master, before he went on to captain the *Bounty* and sail into Nordhoff & Hall fiction.

How to spend a weekend in the sky

EVEN AFTER the triumphs of more than 100,000 Alpinists, the Matterhorn remains the mecca of amateur mountain climbers.

This week, in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, travel writer Horace Sutton takes you along with him up the Matterhorn—tells you where to stay, how to hire a guide, what to look for.

Eight pages, with breathtaking color pictures of scenery and adventure—and some equally striking color pictures of what the well-dressed Alpinist is wearing on the slopes this season.

It's about weekend climbing, but this story is nonetheless a sparkling successor to the great Tenzing autobiography (exclusive in **SI**) . . . and an apt predecessor to Dr. Charles Evans's own story of the ascent of Kanchenjunga (exclusive, and soon to appear in **SI**).

All goes to prove that sports isn't always belting the hide off a ball—or off an opponent. In many ways, it can be as pleasant and personal—and perilous—as climbing a mighty mountain in the morning light in a fancy costume.

However, for the rock 'em sock 'em group, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** this week lets you watch some gentlemen play Arizona pushball—on horseback with a ball the size of a small house, and they claim the spills only add spice to the competition.

Straight from Melbourne, Coles Phinix reports on how the Aussies are readying for the '56 Olympics. And there's more misery at Happy Knoll—to do, alas! with breakage. J. P. Marquand's third letter from that caricature of all country clubs is the funniest yet.

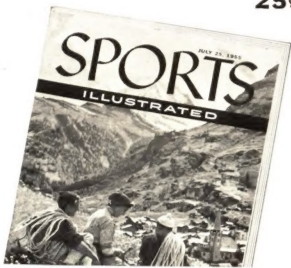
But getting back to mountain climbing... how is **SI doing on the Matterhorn of magazines?**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is going up and up. Circulation is now up to 600,000. 410 advertisers have ordered space for 1955, 56 of them in the last 60 days. And **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s Spring Sports and Vacation Carnival promotion has been so successful that stores are continuing it right into the summer! **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.



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timized by her father but with a calculating streak that makes her something less than lovable. Her affair with Olimpio is described not as a great love but as a product of tawdry circumstance that came in handy when she decided on murder. Most historical novelists would wallow in the Cenci story. Prokosch moves around it with the kind of detachment that makes it as believable as it is readable.

Seed in Her Hair

IN A FARTHER COUNTRY (182 pp.)—William Goyen—Random House (\$3).

William Goyen is bound by ties of good fellowships: the *Southwest Review* Literary Fellowship in 1948, Guggenheim in 1951 and 1952, the McMurray Award for the best first novel by a Texan, *The House of Breath*, in 1950. His latest work has two qualities that are likely to pluck at a patron's purse strings: 1) it is clearly not written in the hope of making any money; 2) it is so unclearly written and hard to read that some people may conclude that it must be art.

The heroine of *In a Farther Country* is a New York-exiled New Mexican named Marietta McGee-Chavez. She is Scotch-Irish-Spanish, dreams interminably about the Old World but lives on gloomy West 23rd Street with a shopkeeper named MacDougal. Author Goyen's point is that great emotional disunity results when so many different elements are present, e.g., how can a woman dream about "birds and bells in a romantic musical city" when a guy with a name like MacDougal is trying to climb into bed with her? How can she capture the ravishing spells of Old Spain amid the gasoline smells of West 23rd Street?

Distraught Marietta tries in various ways to exclude the worst of her mixed elements: she bars her ivory tower to poor MacDougal (symbol of Scotch commerce), spends hours doting on a road runner bird (symbol of the Old Spanish Southwest) in the pet department at Woolworth's (23rd Street branch). She opens her door to a bevy of characters as split-and-mixed as herself; they spin poetic stories in a troubadourish vein, seek peace and unity in the heart of a whirl of fantasy. *In a Farther Country* fades out with Marietta and one of her wacky acquaintances revolving in a dream world to the accompaniment of a fancy Goyen epiphany: "Her body became like a long yellow stalk, going up to seed in her hair... The room was dark except for the flashing... of the sign across the street that said *Moving and Storage*... [These] words... seemed to be the last pronouncement about human life."

Author Goyen is nettled when people confuse him with the lunatic fringe of highbrow Dixie. He insists he is a true Texan whose "themes... have no affinity with the eccentricities of Southern personality or Gothic bizzareries." He has never lived in the Deep Southern states, "only passed through them on a train." Just the same, so susceptible an author should not take such a risk again.

MISCELLANY

Forked Tongue. In Charlotte, N.C., after he was arrested on a forgery charge, James William McLilly Jr. told police that he had been tempted by his cousin's claims of easy money, was asked where his cousin lived, explained that he was serving 12 to 18 months for forgery.

Witness for the Prosecution. In Mulhouse, France, Joseph Pradier, 37, was charged with attempted murder after he angrily complained to police that the gun he had bought from a local gunsmith would not fire when he tried to shoot his wife and her lover.

Wish Fulfillment. In Irricana, Alberta, Storekeeper Hessel DeJong was charged with arson after police discovered that before his store burned down he had pinned notes to the door reading, "We love a fire some day" and "Look out, we like fire."

Technical Difficulty. In San Mateo, Calif., baffled by 20 minutes of silence, listeners to radio station KVSM finally called police, learned that Disk Jockey Red Ladner had stepped out for a breath of air, locked himself out.

The Big City. In Detroit, Railroad Section Worker George Watts, 35, explained to police why he had jumped through a \$250 plate-glass window in the new City-Country Building shortly after his arrival in town from Pulaski, Tenn.: "We don't have any pretty buildings like that where I come from; I never saw a window that big before; I just had to hop right through it."

How Do I Love Thee? In Palisades Park, N.J., John Burns explained why he had taken his wife on 66 consecutive trips through the amusement park's Tunnel of Love: "It took me 66 trips to talk her into giving me a divorce."

References. In London, Norman White, 29, was sentenced to eight months in prison after police told in city court how he had taken five jobs in three weeks, got himself fired from each within two hours and collected a week's pay by phoning his new employer: "Get rid of that man White; he's a homicidal maniac."

Grand Alliance. In Evansville, Ind., after a fist fight, Steeplejack John Bice, 29, refused to press an assault charge against Partner John Mervin, 36, explained soberly: "We work together on tall buildings and have to depend on each other."

Bureaucracy. In Paris, after she discovered that a body pulled out of the Seine had been identified as her, Mme. Marceline Marne angrily tried to stop her own funeral, was told by an official that the papers had already been signed and that "no force in the world can prevent us from performing this ceremony."



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